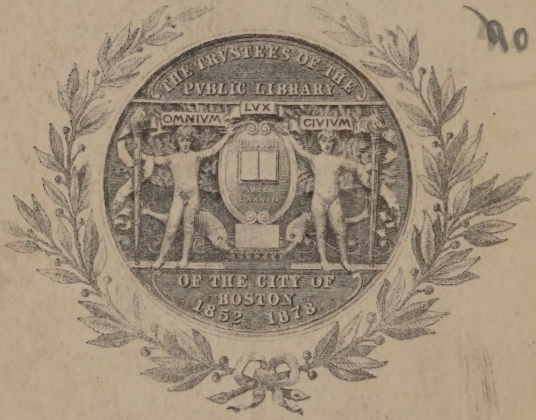
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09817 413 7

№ 23906.68

No. 4


THE TRVSTEES OF THE
PVBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 1878

THE

READING CLUB

AND

HANDY SPEAKER.

BEING SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY.

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC,

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

No. 4.

BOSTON:

LEE & SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK: CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM.

B. M.
295.930
July 8, 1881

Copyright, 1876. George M. Baker.

YALE LAW LIBRARY

Stereotyped by C. J. Peters & Son, 73 Federal St., Boston.

BAKER'S READING CLUB, PART IV.
Uniform with this volume . . Cloth, 50 cents. Paper, 15 cents.
LEE & SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Tramp. *George M. Baker*	5
Joan of Arc. *De Quincey*	8
Decoration. *T. W. Higginson*	11
Minot's Ledge. *Fitzjames O'Brien*	12
Scene from "The Hunchback." *Sheridan Knowles*	14
Widder Green's Last Words	18
The Cane-bottomed Chair. *Thackeray*	19
The House-top Saint. *Mrs. J. D. Chaplin*	21
Tom. *Constance Fenimore Woolson*	26
The Song of the Dying	28
My Neighbor's Baby	29
"The Paper Don't Say"	31
The Post-Boy. *Mrs. C. J. Despard*	32
What is a Minority? *J. B. Gough*	35
Robert of Lincoln. *Bryant*	36
Daddy Worthless. *Lizzie W. Champney*	38
Zenobia's Defence. *William Ware*	40
William Tell	42
Mary Maloney's Philosophy. *Philadelphia Bulletin*	44
Custer's Last Charge. *Frederick Whittaker*	46
Mother's Fool	48
The Little Black-eyed Rebel. *Will Carleton*	49
"The Palace o' the King." *William Mitchell*	51
Grandfather. *Theodore Parker*	53
"Business" in Mississippi. *Chronicle, Augusta, Ga.*	54
The Indian's Claim. *Everett*	55
The Battle Flag of Sigurd	57

The Way Astors are Made. *J. M. Bailey* 58
Mr. Watkins Celebrates. *Detroit Press* 60
The Palmetto and the Pine. *Mrs. Virginia L. French* . 61
Pip's Fight. *Dickens* 63
Cuddle Doon. *Alexander Anderson* 65
The Hot Roasted Chestnut. *J. Ed. Milliken* 66
St. John, the Aged 67
The Bell of Atri. *Longfellow* 70
Mr. O'Hoolahan's Mistake 73
The Little Hero 75
The Village Sewing-Society 79
He Giveth His Beloved Sleep 81
The Dignity of Labor. *Rev. Newman Hall* 82
A Little Shoe 84
"The Penny Ye Meant to Gi'e." *H. H.* 85
A Question 86
The Cobbler's Secret 87
The Lost Cats 88
The Pride of Battery B. *F. H. Gassaway* 89
Leedle Yawcob Strauss. *Charles F. Adams* 91
Two Portraits 92
Elder Sniffles' Courtship 94
Goin' Somewhere. *M. Quad* 100

THE READING-CLUB.

THE TRAMP.

"WALK in," do you say? "Walk in," to me!
I'm only a ragged and shoeless tramp.
Madam, your carpets would shrink to be
Trod by a pauper, a roving scamp.
I only ask for a crust of bread,
A morsel of meat your dog can spare,
A draught from the well, and leave to spread
My meal on your lawn, in the open air.

"Walk in," again? Well, beggars, they say,
Must not be choosers, but you're too kind:
You'll wish you had sent me on my way
When you see the tracks I leave behind.
You've a pleasant smile, a motherly face.
You see I'm not used to ways polite:
I've often been kicked from door to door,
And learned that yelping dogs can bite.

"Sit down, and eat," — to that table spread
For some more honored, expected guest!
Do you want to turn a poor tramp's head
With a glimpse at comforts of the blest?
"Welcome to all," and "God bless our home," —
No need of those tablets on the wall:
Where doors are open to those that roam,
His choicest blessing must surely fall.

"For what we receive," I'll grateful be.
Don't say it now: let me rest a while
In this easy-chair you have placed for me.
There's grace and blessing in your kind smile.
I cannot eat: there is something here,
Here in my throat, like a leaden ball;
And my eyes are dim. 'Tis many a year
Since these dry springs let a tear-drop fall.

"Seen better days?" Why, yes: tramps are made,
Not born to their mirey, mean estate.
God's image ne'er in the dust was laid
But by the blows of o'erwhelming fate.
I was once a man of sturdy frame,
Earnest and honest, could boast good birth;
But a fickle woman soiled my name,
And made me a worm to crawl the earth.

"Crossed in love," mum? Now you make me smile.
Are true love's crosses then, hard to bear?
Yet you're half right — it was passion's guile
Robbed my young life of its blissful share.
I loved a maid, and I gained a mate;
I reared me a home supremely blest;
I walked the earth in my pride elate,
And joyed in the comforts that filled my nest.

But there came a call. You heard it too:
Yonder crape-bound sabre tells the tale
How civil war brought sorrow to you.
Pardon, I beg — you are turning pale:
I'm rough, you see. 'Twas a wicked thrust:
I'll go ere I deeper wound your heart.
A wretch like me you can only trust,
For a healing word, to return a smart.

"Go on!" "Go on?" Do you care to hear
More of my worthless, wretched life?
Well, I sprang at the call, and year by year
Followed the standard through blood and strife, —
Followed it ever, till victory blest
Patriot zeal for its sturdy fight,
And unchained millions joyously prest
Into the gladness of liberty's light.

"And then came home?" Yes, came home to find
Treason had ravaged my peaceful nest;
For a crafty serpent had intwined
In poisonous folds the one loved best.
My wife had fled with my trusted friend,
Leaving our child to a stranger's care.
I fought the good fight; and this the end, —
For my country glory, for me despair.

Oh, yes; I worked; for I loved the child
With all the love she had turned away.
I was roughened by war: she, sweet and mild,
Out of the gloom brought a brighter day,
Till a fever-blast swept through the town.
I covered my pet with a paling face.
In vain: the angel of death swept down,
And snatched the darling from my embrace.

God knows I bowed 'neath his chastening hand,
With never a murmur of complaint.
A blighted home and a broken band,
On earth a mourner, in heaven a saint, —
'Tis the way of life: that broke me down.
The little burden so good and fair,
Lifted above for a golden crown,
Left me a weightier cross to bear.

I tried to work, to crush out my grief
With studied stroke and frenzied zest;
But how can the wretched find relief
With none to be by his labor blest?
The noon-bell struck, a welcome pealed
To all my mates: 'twas to me a knell.
To them sweet, blissful home revealed,
But smote my heart like a sad farewell.

I forsook my tools, shook honest toil
From out my life, to be borne no more,
And became a vagrant of the soil;
Yes, a tramp, to feed from door to door.
You see, I am frank. My pride has flown.
Of wretchedness I have had my fill;
Yet you are so kind, I'll frankly own,
I can neither drink nor steal nor kill.

"No hope," did you say? "No hope?" Yes, one,—
To guide my poor old blistered feet,—
That somehow, somewhere beneath yon sun,
The base despoiler and I shall meet.
On his throat my fingers fastened tight,
My foot upon his cowering frame,
His blood shall my bitter wrongs requite,
And blot out the record of my shame.

"She looking on!" What! Is that your creed,—
That angel watchers surround us here?
She looking down upon such a deed!
God grant, then, that meeting be not near!
You've driven revenge from out my breast:
I'll crawl content on my wretched way.
The bullets of war should have given me rest,
And spared my comrade Harry Fay.

"His mother!" You? Yes, those are his eyes;
And that is his sabre on the wall.
Brave fellow! 'Twas in a night surprise:
I fought at his side, and saw him fall.
"Oft mentioned me?" Well, now, that was kind.
Needn't have blushed for his comrade then;
For I was as— Well, never mind.
What am I now? An outcast from men.

"My home with you!" and "For Henry's sake,
Redeem all my manhood's better part!"
The chance you offer I'll gladly take:
Heaven bless your trustful mother heart!
Yes, I'll work for you; but set the task,—
Beside the forge, or behind the plough.
Yes, mother, His gracious blessing ask:
The tramp has some one to live for now!

GEO. M. BAKER, *in Demorest's Magazine.*

JOAN OF ARC.

ON the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day,

guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air-currents. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment, did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No: she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

. . . . . .

Bishop of Beauvais! * thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold, — thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both, sometimes, kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl, — when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you, — let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France — she, from her dungeon; she, from her baiting at the stake; she, from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream — saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival, which man had denied to her languishing heart; that resurrection of spring-time, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests, — were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can

* Before whose tribunal Joan of Arc was condemned.

stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege, for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. The mission has now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered: the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted: the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously: victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died — died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies — died, amidst the drums and trumpets of armies — died, amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burdened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror — rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death — most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, bishop, well! Oh, mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not so to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet, is there! In glades, where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling: towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English Prince, Regent of France.

There is my Lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no: he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My Lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none. In heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from *me:* all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas, the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity; but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief. I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you: yes, bishop, SHE —when heaven and earth are silent.

DE QUINCEY.

DECORATION.

"MANIBUS DATE LILIA PLENIS."

'MID the flower-wreath'd tombs I stand
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades, in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine.
Garlands veil it: ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory,
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone, with feign'd distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,
Here lie buried: here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

T. W. Higginson, 1873.

MINOT'S LEDGE.

Like spectral hounds across the sky
The white clouds scud before the storm;
And naked is the howling night.
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
The waves with slippery fingers clutch
The massive tower, and climb and fall;
And, muttering, growl with baffled rage
Their curses on the sturdy wall.

Up in the lonely tower he sits,
The keeper of the crimson light, —
Silent and awe-struck does he hear
The imprecations of the night.

The white spray beats against the panes
  Like some wet ghost that down the air
Is hurried by a troop of fiends,
  And seeks a shelter anywhere.

He prays aloud, — the lonely man —
  For every soul that night at sea;
But more than all for that brave boy
  Who used to gayly climb his knee, —
Young Charlie with his chestnut hair
  And hazel eyes and laughing lip.
"May heaven look down," the old man cries,
  "Upon my son, and on his ship!"

While thus with pious heart he prays,
  Far in the distance sounds a boom.
He pauses, and again there rings
  That sullen thunder through the room.
A ship upon the shoals, to-night!
  She cannot hold for one half-hour.
But clear the ropes and grappling-hooks,
  And trust in God Almighty's power!

On the drenched gallery he stands,
  Striving to pierce the solid night.
Across the sea the red eye throws
  A steady crimson wake of light;
And where it falls up the waves,
  He sees a human head float by,
With long drenched curls of chestnut hair,
  And wild but fearless hazel eye.

Out with the hooks! One mighty fling!
  Adown the wind the long rope curls.
Oh! will it catch? Ah, dread suspense!
  While the wild ocean wilder whirls.
A steady pull, — it tightens now!
  Oh, his old heart will burst with joy,
As on the slippery rocks he pulls
  The breathing body of his boy!

Still sweep the spectres through the sky,
  Still scud the clouds before the storm,

Still naked in the howling night
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
Without, the world is wild with rage,
Unkennelled demons are abroad;
But with the father and the son
Within there is the peace of God.

FITZJAMES O'BRIEN.

SCENE FROM "THE HUNCHBACK."

JULIA AND MASTER WALTER.

Enter JULIA, R.

Julia. He that should guard me is mine enemy,
Constrains me to abide the fatal die
My rashness, not my reason, cast. He comes
That will exact the forfeit. Must I pay it?
E'en at the cost of utter bankruptcy?
What's to be done? Pronounce the vow that parts
My body from my soul? To what it loathes
Links that, while this is linked to what it loves?
Condemned to such perdition! What's to be done?
Stand at the altar in an hour from this?
An hour thence seated at his board — a wife?
Thence — frenzy's in the thought! What's to be done?

Enter MASTER WALTER, L. U. E.

Walter. (L.) What! run the waves so high? Art ready, Julia?
Your lord will soon be here. The guests collect.
Julia. (R.) Show me some way to 'scape these nuptials. Do it!
Some opening for avoidance or escape,
Or to thy charge I'll lay a broken heart —
It may be, broken vows and blasted honor,
Or else a mind distraught.
Walter. What's this?
Julia. The strait
I'm fallen into, my patience cannot bear.
It frights my reason, warps my sense of virtue,

Religion — changes me into a thing
I look at with abhorring.
Walter. Listen to me!
Julia. Listen to me, and heed me! If this contract
Thou hold'st me to, abide thou the result.
Answer to heaven for what I suffer. Act!
Prepare thyself for such calamity
To fall on me, and those whose evil stars
Have linked them with me, as no past mishap,
However rare and marvellously sad,
Can parallel. Lay thy account to live
A smileless life, die an unpitied death, —
Abhorred, abandoned of thy kind, — as one
Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace,
Looked on, and saw her rashly peril it,
And when she owned her danger and confessed
Her fault, compelled her to complete her ruin.
Walter. Hast done?
Julia. Another moment, and I have.
Be warned! Beware how you abandon me
To myself. I'm young, rash, inexperienced, tempted
By most insufferable misery,
Bold, desperate, and reckless. Thou hast age,
Experience, wisdom, and collectedness, —
Power, freedom, — everything that I have not,
Yet want as none e'er wanted. Thou can'st save me.
Thou ought'st: thou must! I tell thee, at his feet
I'll fall a corse, ere mount his bridal bed!
So choose betwixt my rescue and my grave.
And quickly, too. The hour of sacrifice
Is near. Anon the immolating priest
Will summon me. Devise some speedy means
To cheat the altar of its victim. Do it!
Nor leave the act to me.
Walter. Hast done?
Julia. I have.
Walter. Then list to me — and silently, if not
With patience. [*Brings chair for himself and her. She* R., *he* L.]
Sit down.
How I watched thee from thy childhood,
I'll not recall to thee. Thy father's wisdom —
Whose humble instrument I was — directed
Your nonage should be passed in privacy,

From your apt mind that far outstripped your years,
Fearing the taint of an infected world.
He might be right or wrong.
I thought him right; and, therefore, did his bidding.
Most certainly he loved you: so did I;
Ay, well as I had been myself your father!
[*His hand is resting upon his knee. Julia attempts to take it. He withdraws it, looks at her: she hangs her head.*]
Well, you may take my hand.
When a good woman
Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,
How good soe'er before. I found the man
I thought a match for thee; and, soon as found,
Proposed him to thee. 'Twas your father's will,
Occasion offering, you should be married
Soon as you reached to womanhood. You liked
My choice, accepted him. We came to town;
Where, by important matter summoned thence,
I left you an affianced bride.
Julia. You did.
You did. [*Leans her head upon her hands, and weeps.*]
Walter. Nay, check thy tears. Let judgment now,
Not passion, be awake. On my return,
I found thee — what? I'll not describe the thing
I found thee then. I'll not describe my pangs
To see thee such a thing. The engineer
Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower
"It cost him years and years of toil to raise, —
And, smiling at it, tells the winds and waves
To roar and whistle now," — and, in a night,
Beholds the tempest sporting in its place,
Might look aghast, as I did!
Julia. [*Falling on her knees.*] Pardon me!
Forgive me, pity me!
Walter. Resume thy seat. [*Raises her.*]
I pity thee. Perhaps not thee alone
It fits to sue for pardon.
Julia. Me alone,
None other.
But, Master Walter,
These nuptials — must they needs go on?
Walter. Know'st not
What with these nuptials comes? Hast thou forgot?

"Sure, 'tis well we're two hearty colleens, not hurt by a sprinklin' o' rain.
If 'twas ladies was in it, Kitty, how quick they'd turn back again,
An' miss all the soft sweet mornin', the stretch o' the climbin' road,
An' the blackbird that sings in the hedges, so thick with the hawthorn sowed.

"The water was coolin' and fresh, then, an' curled 'round our feet when they stepped
From one big black stone to the next with a gurglin' splash; an' we've kept
Our mantles tidy and dry, or they'd tell on us over to home.
So we'll sit here an' rest for a minute: 'tis this way the post will come.

"Ah, Kitty, what do you think now? Will he bring me a word this day,
From my Patrick, *ma bouchal deelish*, my lad that went over the say
To the terrible wars an' the fightin' in the great big sorrowful land,
Where agin' one another in battle own brothers are liftin' the hand?

"Sure he wrote me the whole dark story, an' how from the very first
He went to the fight full-hearted to stand by the bitter worst.
I'll read ye the letter, Kitty, for I keep it still in my breast:
I'd no more lave it *out* than the linnet would push her young from the nest.

"'Not 'list! is it, Mary?' he's sayin'—'Ah! 'twasn't yourself that spoke,
For your sweet lips would scorn the message, tho' the tender heart of you broke.
You'd rather grow white with the grievin' than blush at the coward's name
That 'ud follow me like a shadow if I sold my soul into shame.

"'To the shame on the son of Erin who'd turn in her griet and need,
From the land that has welcome kind, without favor of clime or creed,
For the millions that come in crowds from the grudgin' old mother soil
To the country free-hearted an' flowin' with plenty for honest toil.'

"'Tis true, Kitty dear, 'twas fightin' for what there's no room for here, —
The struggle for right and for freedom, that's costin' the big world dear.
Sure the sweet Holy Mother laned smilin', and heard ev'ry prayer that I said,
An' never let baynet or bullet touch one hair of his darlin' head.

"Och, Kitty! I hear the post-boy! my heart with terror faints!
If he *hasn't* a letter, Kitty! Run up while I pray to the saints;
An' I'll shut my eyes till ye bring me the hope or the heart-break down, —
The word that'll call me to meet him, or the silence that laves me alone."

"Look up then, Mary Alanna!" called Kitty, as down out of breath
She ran, where the waiting colleen sat quiet and pale as death.
"It is not a letter, agra! but"— "Your Patrick's own self, in troth,
That the post has brought ye to-day, Mary, — myself an' the letter both!

"Aye, cry with the joy, *acushla*, 'twill ease your flutterin' heart,
While I tell you over and over, we never again need part:
While I press you tight to my breast, darlin', the breast that kept strong an' true;
For the saints in the thick of the fight, dear, were shieldin' me safe for you!

"Come up the road now: the post-boy is waitin' the news to hear.
'Tis seldom he brings a letter that spakes out its mind so clear,
Or one that the givin' up of will lighten so much the load
Of that broth of a post-boy that travels along the Killarney road."

MRS. C. J. DESPARD.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

WHAT *is a minority?* The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments — to whom? — to the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority, that, through blood, and tears, and bootings, and scourgings — dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore — fought the glorious battle of religious freedom. Minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falschood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always

"Troops of beautiful tall angels"

gathered round him, and God himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own! If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed

at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him. J. B. Gough.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name,—
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee!

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat:
White are his shoulders, and white his crest.
Hear him call, in his merry note,
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Look, what a nice new coat is mine:
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee!

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Brood, kind creature: you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee!

Modest and shy as a nun is she:
One weak chirp is her only note.

Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat, —
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Never was I afraid of man.
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee!

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, — a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Nice, good wife, that never goes out, —
Keeping house while I frolic about!
Chee, chee, chee!

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food.
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink spank, spink!
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee!

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care.
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half-forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee!

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone.
Off he flies; and we sing as he goes,

Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee!

BRYANT.

DADDY WORTHLESS.

"DAR's bressing in baptizing drops:
Dey dribes de Debble out.
De rain dat falls upon de fields,
It makes de taters sprout.
Den sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle,
While de bells go tinkle, tinkle.
Swing low, ole chariot,
We'll dribe ole Satan out!"

The long, steep streets of Nashville glowed
With white dust, parched and dry;
The wind, as a sirocco scorched,
Like copper glared the sky.
A ghastly form strode through the town,
And at each fireside stood;
It paused at door of rich and poor,
To trace its sign of blood.
Nashville held many heroes brave,
And ladies fair and gay;
But each man's lip was blanched with fear,
And mirth all fled away.
Grim Cholera reaped her harvest down,
And faster toiled each day;
While none could turn her sickle back
And none her march could stay.

Young Doctor Starr worked day and night—
Martyr of science he—
To trace the sources of the blight
And what its cause might be.
One night he started from his desk,

Pushed back his microscope,
And from his laboratory strode
All fresh inspired with hope.
"The seeds of death are in the air,
And we must beat them down.
Oh, for refreshing showers of rain!
E'en now they'd save the town.
I'll lay my plans before the Board
Of Health at break of day."
The morrow came, and Doctor Starr
The Cholera's victim lay.
Only a negro, gray and old,
Bent o'er his master's bed,
And listened carefully to all
He in delirium said.

"Dey calls me Daddy Wufless," thought
The negro to himself.
"Dey'll take back dat ar name befo'
I'se laid upon de shelf.
I'd like to spite ole Satan once —
He tinks to him I'll go;
But I has got somé money saved
In an ole stockin'-toe.
I tought dat ar money might
My freedom-papers buy;
But when a man sees duty clar,
And, sneaking, lets it lie,
It had been better for dat man,
As Judas Scarrot said,
If he'd been frown into de sea,
A meal-sack roun' his head."

And so the old man's money bought
A horse and water-cart,
And every day he drove about
The city streets and mart.
And sick men, tossing on their beds
Of fever and of pain,
Said, as they feebly raised their heads,
"I hear the sound of rain,
As when in nights of childhood passed,
Upon the roof and pane.

The air is fresher than it was,
And I can breathe again."
The last in every funeral train
His water-cart passed by;
And, as he went, he often sang,
With thin voice, cracked and high, —

"Dars bressing in baptizing drops:
Dey dribes de Debble out.
De rain dat falls upon de fields,
It makes de taters sprout.
Den sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle,
While de bells go tinkle, tinkle.
Swing low, ole chariot,
We'll dribe ole Satan out!"

The scourge is lifted from the town;
But he who died for it
Lies buried, like a faithful hound,
Beside his master's feet.
And when I tread that burial-ground,
The tears unbidden start
To honor "Daddy Wufless" and
The old man's sprinkling-cart.

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

ZENOBIA'S DEFENCE.

I am charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved anything great in letters, arts, or arms, who was *not* ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but of the East. *That* I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra? I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less.

But why pause here? Is *so much* ambition praiseworthy, and *more* criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win? Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, I mean that the Mediterranean shall not hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right, — I would that the *world* were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask, nor fear the answer, Whom have I wronged? What province have I oppressed, what city pillaged, what region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or whose estates have I coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I violated? I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not more *over* you than *within* you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love.

Suppose, now, my ambition should add another province to our realm. Would that be an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourselves and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market.

This is no vain boasting: receive it not so, good friends. It is but the truth. He who traduces *himself* sins in the same way as he who traduces *another*. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and I will bear it.

But I have spoken that you may know your queen, not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you, then, that I *am* ambitious, that I *crave dominion*, and while I live *will* reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too, — you can bear me witness that I do, — that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it. WILLIAM WARE.

WILLIAM TELL.

"PLACE there the boy," the tyrant said:
"Fix me the apple on his head.
Ha! rebel, — now!
There is a fair mark for thy shaft:
There, try thy boasted archer-craft!"
And hoarsely the dark Austrian laughed.
With quivering brow
The Switzer gazed: his cheek grew pale;
His bold lips throbbed, as if would fail
Their laboring breath.
"Ha! so you blench?" fierce Gesler cried.
"I've conquered, slave, thy soul of pride!"
No word to that stern taunt replied, —
All still as death.

"And what the meed?" at length Tell asked.
"Bold fool! when *slaves* like thee are tasked,
It is MY WILL;
But that thine eye may keener be,
And nerved to such nice archery,
If thou succeed'st, THOU GOEST FREE!
What! pause ye still?
Give him a bow and arrow there, —
One shaft, — *but one.*" Madness, despair,
And tortured love,
One moment swept the Switzer's face:
Then passed away each stormy trace,
And high resolve reigned like a grace
Caught from above.

"I take thy terms," he murmured low;
Grasped eagerly the proffered bow;
The quiver searched;
Chose out an arrow keen and long,
Fit for a sinewy arm and strong;
Placed it upon the sounding thong, —
The tough yew arched.
Deep stillness fell on all around:
Through that dense crowd was heard no sound
Of step or word.
All watched with fixed and shuddering eye,
To see that fearful arrow fly.
The light wind died into a sigh,
And scarcely stirred.

The gallant boy stood firm and mute:
He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,
Yet never moved.
He knew that pale fear ne'er unmanned
The daring coolness of that hand:
He knew it was the father scanned
The boy he loved!
Slow rose the shaft: it trembled, — hung.
"My only boy!" gasped on his tongue.
He could not aim!
"Ha!" cried the tyrant, "doth he quail?
He shakes! his haughty brow is pale!"
"Shoot!" cried a low voice. "Canst thou fail?
Shoot, in Heaven's name!"

Again the drooping shaft he took,
And cast to Heaven one burning look,
Of all doubts reft.
"Be firm, my boy!" was all he said.
He drew the bow — the arrow fled —
The apple left the stripling's head.
"'Tis CLEFT! 'TIS CLEFT!"
And cleft it was, — and Tell was free.

Quick the brave boy was at his knee,
With flushing cheek;
But ere the sire his child embraced,
The baffled Austrian cried in haste,

"An arrow in thy belt is placed —
What means it? Speak!"
"To smite thee, tyrant, to the heart,
Had Heaven so willed it that my dart
Touched this, my boy!"

"Treason! Rebellion! Chain the slave!"
A hundred swords around him wave;
And hate to Gesler's features gave
Infuriate joy.
They chained the Switzer, arm and limb;
They racked him till his eyes grew dim,
And reeled his brain.
Nor groan, nor pain-rung prayer gave he;
But smiled, beneath his belt to see
That shaft, whose point he swore should be
Not sped in vain!

And that one arrow found its goal,
Red with revenge, in Gesler's soul,
When Lucerne's lake
Heard him his felon soul out-moan;
And Freedom's call abroad was blown,
And Switzerland, a giant grown,
Her fetters brake.

From hill to hill the summons flew,
From lake to lake that tempest grew
With wakening swell;
Till balked Oppression crouched in shame,
And Austrian haughtiness grew tame,
And Freedom's watch-word was — the name
Of WILLIAM TELL!

MARY MALONEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

"WHAT are you singing for?" said I to Mary Maloney.

"Oh, I don't know, ma'am, without it's because my heart feels happy."

"Happy, are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see: you don't own a foot of land in the world?"

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried, with a hearty Irish laugh. "Oh, what a hand ye be after joking: why, I haven't a penny, let alone the land."

"Your mother is dead?"

"God rest her soul, yes," replied Mary Maloney, with a touch of genuine pathos: "may the angels make her bed in heaven."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose?"

"Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, drink, and beating his poor wife, that she is, the creature."

"You have to pay your little sister's board?"

"Sure, the bit creature; and she's a good little girl, is Hinny, willing to do whatever I axes her. I don't grudge the money what goes for that."

"You haven't many fashionable dresses either, Mary Maloney?"

"Fashionable, is it? Oh, yes, I put a piece of whalebone in my skirt, and me calico gown looks as big as the great ladies'. But then ye says true, I hasn't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and one bonnet to me head, barring the old hood ye gave me."

"You haven't any lover, Mary Maloney?"

"Oh, be off wid ye — ketch Mary Maloney getting a lover these days, when the hard times is come. No, no, thank Heaven I haven't got that to trouble me yet, nor I don't want it."

"What on earth, then, have you got to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover: why, where do you get all your happiness from?"

"The Lord be praised, miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing; and then, if deep trouble comes, why, God helpin' me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure, it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGrue should take it into his head to come an' ax me, but, the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it."

PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN.

CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

"DEAD! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,
Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Shunning our battle-king's ringlets of light!
Dead! our young chieftain, and dead all forsaken!
No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call!"

Comrades, he's gone; but ye need not be grieving.
No, may my death be like his when I die!
No regrets wasted on words I am leaving,
Falling with brave men, and face to the sky.
Death's but a journey, the greatest must take it:
Fame is eternal, and better than all.
Gold though the bowl be, 'tis fate that must break it,
Glory can hallow the fragments that fall.

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!
All the night long he had been on their track,
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,
Wild for a charge that should never give back.
There on the hill-top he halted and saw them,—
Lodges all loosened, and ready to fly.
Hurrying scouts, with the tidings to awe them,
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat,—
Warriors running in haste to their horses,
Thousands of enemies close to his feet!
Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,
There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!
Numbers! What recked he? What recked those who followed?
Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?

Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle-line steady and full;
Then down the hill-side exultingly thundered,
Into the hordes of the Old Sitting Bull!

Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,
Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of their crew,
Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion.
Then closed around the great hell of wild Sioux.

Right to their centre he charged, and then, facing —
Hark to those yells? and around them, oh, see!
Over the hill-tops the devils come racing,
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!
Red was the circle of fire about them:
No hope of victory, no ray of light,
Shot through that terrible black cloud without them,
Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

THEN, DID HE BLENCH? Did he die like a craven,
Begging those torturing fiends for his life?
Was there a soldier who carried the Seven
Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?
No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing!
There in the midst of the devils they close,
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,
Fighting like tigers, all bayed amid foes!

Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing;
Down go the horses and riders and all;
Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing,
Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.
See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,
Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane;
Quivering lances with pennons so airy;
War-painted warriors charging amain.

Backward again and again they were driven,
Shrinking to close with the lost little band.
Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven
Bow'd till its wearer was dead on the strand.
Closer and closer the death-circle growing,
Even the leader's voice, clarion clear,
Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,
"We can but die once, boys, but SELL YOUR LIVES DEAR!"

Dearly they sold them, like Berserkers raging,
Facing the death that encirled them round;
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuaging,
Marking their tracks by their dead on the ground.
Comrades, our children shall yet tell their story,—
Custer's last charge on the Old Sitting Bull;
And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory
Needed but that death to render it full.

FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

MOTHER'S FOOL.

"'Tis plain to me," said the farmer's wife,
"These boys will make their marks in life.
They never were made to handle a hoe,
And at once to college they ought to go.
Yes, John and Henry, — 'tis clear to me, —
Great men in this world are sure to be;
But Tom, he's little above a fool.
So John and Henry must go to school."

"Now, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown,
As he set his mug of cider down,
"Tom does more work in a day, for me,
Than both of his brothers do in three.
Book learnin' will never plant beans or corn,
Nor hoe potatoes — sure as you're born —
Nor mend a rood of broken fence:
For my part, give me common sense."

But his wife the roost was bound to rule,
And so "the boys" were sent to school;
While Tom, of course, was left behind,
For his mother said he had no mind.

Five years at school the students spent:
Then each one into business went.
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,
And parted his hair (of course) in the middle;

Julia. What?
Walter. Nothing. I did tell thee of a thing.
Julia. What was it?
Walter. To forget it was a fault.
Look back, and think.
Julia. I can't remember it.
Walter. [*Up from chair.*] Fathers, make straws your children! Nature's nothing!
Blood, nothing! Once in other veins it runs,
It no more yearneth for the parent flood,
Than doth the stream that from the source disparts.
Talk not of love instinctive. "What you call so,
Is but the brat of custom. Your own flesh
By habit only cleaves to you — without,
Hath no adhesion." [*Aside.*] So you have forgot
You have a father, and are here to meet him?
Julia. I'll not deny it.
Walter. You should blush for't.
Julia. No!
No, no, dear Master Walter! What's a father
That you've not been to me? [*He turns his back to her.*]
Nay, turn not from me;
For at the name a holy awe I own,
That now almost inclines my knee to earth.
But thou to me, except a father's name,
Hast all the father been, — the care, the love,
The guidance, the protection of a father.
Can'st wonder, then, if like thy child I feel,
And feeling so, that father's claim forget.
Whom ne'er I knew save by the name of one?
Oh, turn to me, and do not chide me! or
If thou wilt chide, chide on, but turn to me!
Walter. [*Struggling with emotion.*] My Julia! [*Weeping, he holds out his hand to her: she eagerly takes it.*]
Julia. Now, dear Master Walter, hear me!
Is there no way to 'scape these nuptials?
Walter. Julia,
A promise made admits not of release,
"Save by consent or forfeiture of those
Who hold it: so it should be pondered well
Before we let it go." Ere man should say
I broke the word I had the power to keep,
I'd lose the life I had the power to part with!

Remember, Julia, thou and I to-day
Must, to thy father, of thy training render
A strict account. While honor's left to us,
We've something — nothing, having all but that!
Now for thy last act of obedience, Julia.
Present thyself before thy bridegroom. [*She assents.*] Good,
My Julia's now herself! Show him thy heart,
And to his honor leave't to set thee free,
Or hold thee bound. They come, they come! [*Exeunt*, R.]

SHERIDAN KNOWLES

WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

"I'M goin' to die!" says the Widder Green.
"I'm goin' to quit this airthly scene:
It ain't no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis to-day.
Such works and ways is too much for me.
Nobody can't let nobody be.
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
An' that's the hull o' what they know.
The men is mad on bonds an' stocks, —
Swearin' an' shootin', an' pickin' locks.
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
There ain't a cretur but knows to-day
I never was lunatic in any way;
But since crazy folks all go free,
I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me.
There's another matter that's pesky hard, —
I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say 'How be you?' or borry a pin
But what the paper'll have it in.
'We're pleased to say the Widder Green
Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs Keene,'
Or 'Our worthy friend Miss Green has gone
Down to Barkhamsted to see her son.'
Great Jerusalem! can't I stir
Without a-raisin' some feller's fur?
There ain't no privacy — so to say —
No more than if this was the Judgment Day.

And as for meetin,' — I want to swear
Whenever I put my head in there, —
Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spiled and done,
Like everything else under the sun.
It used to be so solemn and slow, —
Praise to the Lord from men below:
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
High diddle diddle, there and here!
No respect to the Lord above,
No more'n ef he was hand and glove
With all the creturs he ever made,
And all the jigs that ever was played.
Preachin' too — but here I'm dumb.
But I tell you what! I'd like it some
Ef good old Parson Nathan Strong
Out o' his grave would come along,
An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire.
Judgment an' justice is my desire.
'Taint all love an' sickish sweet
That makes this world nor t'other complete.
But law, I'm old. I'd better be dead.
When the world's a-turnin' over my head,
Sperit's talkin' like tarnal fools,
Bibles kicked out o' deestrict schools,
Crazy creturs a-murderin' round, —
Honest folks better be under ground.
So fare-ye-well! this airthly scene
Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green."

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket, perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom, up four pairs of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand, through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends,
Cheap bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed, —
A two-penny treasury, wondrous to see,
What matter? 'Tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp:
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp.
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon!

Long, long through the hours and the night and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books and old friends and old times;
And we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie.
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair,
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair!

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair!

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withering old arms.
I looked and I longed. I wished in despair —
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place.
She'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face, —
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
As she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint or the throne of a prince.
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night, I sit here alone —
I sit here alone; but we yet are a pair —
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past, and revisits my room;
She looks, as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair;
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair!

THACKERAY.

THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.

"YES, yes, sonny, I's mighty fo'-handed, and no ways like poo' white trash, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified col'd folks dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs a bone — no thanks to nobody!"

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she had become her own mistress, to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

"I'm truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?" asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye, and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, —

"*You* hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a 'spectable sort of a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckons. But for dese last twenty-five years, I'se done been a mighty powerful one, — one o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs. I is one of the house-top saints, sonny."

"House-top saints! what kind of saints are those?" asked the young Northerner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl. "I thought like's not you never even heerd tell on 'em, up your way. Dey's mighty scarce any whar; but the Lor's got one on 'em, to any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl triumphantly.

"And that is you?"

"Yes, sonny, dat is *me!*"

"Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint."

"Well, I means dat I's been t'rough all de stories o' my Father's house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I's fairly on de ruff, — yes, on de very ridge-pole; and dare I sits and sings and shouts and sees heaven, — like you never see it t'rough de clouds down yere."

"How did you get there, auntie?"

"How does you get from de cellar to de parlor, and from de parlor to de chamber, and from de chamber to de ruff? Why, de builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em, and puts your feet on 'em, and mounts. Ha?"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all his children, as for you: yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?"

"Sartin, sonny. Sta'rs don't get people up, 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leadin' up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits down at de bottom and howls and mourns 'bout how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a-blackin' of your boots, he's de husban' o' *my* bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor, down-cellar 'sciple, sittin' in de dark, and whinin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up sta'rs! I says to him, says I, 'Brudder,' — I's allus called him Brudder since he was born into de kingdom, — 'why don't you come up into de light?'

"'Oh,' says he, 'Sibby, I's too onworthy: I doesn't desarve de light dat God has made for de holy ones.'

"'Phoo,' says I, 'Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member,' says I, 'when our massa done married de gov'ness, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice, she was as poor as an unfeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar and sit 'mong de po'k barr'ls and de trash 'cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta'rs? Not she! She tuk her place to de head o' de table, and w'ar all de lacery and jewelry massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', I's no more poor gov'ness, teaching Col'n McIvor's chil'n; but I's de Col'n's b'loved wife, and I stan's for de mother of

his chil'n, as she had a right to say! And de Col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool and settin' down cellar 'mong de po'k barr'ls!'

"Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so fur it haint fotched him up. De poor deluded cretur thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovellin' like! It's unworthy of a blood-bought soul for to stick to de cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warmf, up on de house-top."

"That's very true, Sibyl, but few of us reach the house-top," said the young man thoughtfully.

"Mo' fools you, den!" cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and de sta'rs is dere, and de grand glorious Master is dere, up 'bove all, callin' to you day and night, 'Frien', come up higher!' He reaches down his shinin' han' and offers for to draw you up; but you shakes your head and pulls back and says, 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing.' Is dat de way to treat him who has bought life and light for you? Oh, shame on you, sonny, and on all de down-cellar and parlor and chamber Christians!"

"What are parlor Christians, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Parlor Christians, honey? Why dems is de ones dat gets barly out o' de cellar and goes straightway and forgets what kind o' creturs dey was down dere! Dey grow proud and dresses up fine, like de worl's folks, and dances, and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our ole missus, she used to train 'mong her col'd folks wuss den old King Furio did 'mong de 'Gyptians. But, bless you, de minute de parson or any other good brudder or sister come along, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlor, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out.

"I do think missus got to heaven wid all her infarmities. But she didn't get very high up till de bridegroom come and called for her. Den she said to me, one dead-o'-night, 'O Sibby,' says she — she held tight on to my han' — 'O Sibby, if you could only go along o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' getting through de shinin' gate! Your clothes and your face and your hands shines like silver, Sibby!' says she.

"'Dear soul,' says I, 'dis light you see isn't mine! It all comes 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and

dere is heaps more of it to shine on to you and every other poor sinner dat will come near enough to cotch de rays!'

"'Oh,' says she, 'Sibby, when I heard you shoutin, "Glory to God," and talkin' o' him on de house-top, I thought it was all su'stition and igno'ance. But now, O Sibby, I'd like to touch de hem o' your garment, and wipe de dust off your shoes, if I could on'y ketch a glimpse o' Christ.'

"'Do you b'lieve dat you's a sinner, missus?' says I.

"'Yes, de chief o' sinners,' says she, with a groan.

"'Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out his plan?' says I.

"'Yes,' says she.

"'Well, den,' says I, 'if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hender your bein' saved? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to him.'

"'Den she kotch sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself; and her face lit up like an angel's; and she was a new missus from dat yar hour till she went up. She died a singing,'—

"'In my han' no price I bring,
Simple to dy cross I cling.'

"But she mought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de hoomiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privileges o' de parlor. Parlors is fine things; but dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir whole time in."

"What's a chamber saint, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Chamber saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare of de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlor, and got through many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is glad o' rest. Dey says, 'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's on'y half way up, and thinks dey's come off conqueror a'ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhar, now. But he is close by 'em, and he smooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem — not for one while! De chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roostin'-place. You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No."

"What, never heerd tell o' John Bunyan?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and loss his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl'. Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By de help o' de Lord, and a contin'l watch, I keep de head ob de old sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty gineral. Why, sometimes, when he rises up and thrusts his fangs out, I has such power gin me to stomp on him that I can hear his bones crack — mostly! I tell you honey, he don't like me, and he's most gin me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

"Heaps o' ways," she replied. "Sometimes I gets up in de mornin', and I sees work enough for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my narves done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear, 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat ar work is got to be done! You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, Sister Sibby,' — Satan often has de imperdence to call me 'sister,' — 'and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat ar pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter!' Dat's how he 'sails me when I'se weak. Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says in de words o' Scripter, 'Clar out and git ahind my back, Satan! Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high 'nough to hide Him that is my strength!' And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a bundle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes-bask't, and says to 'em, 'You lay dar till to-morrow, will you? I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hime to cher my sperits, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tail and slinks off, most gineral; and I goes 'bout my work a singin', —

"'My Master bruise de sarpint's head,
And bind him wid a chain:
Come, brudders, hololujah shout,
Wid all your might and main!
Hololujah!'"

"Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the young stranger.

"No, bless you, honey: sometimes he 'tacks me through my stummick, and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks, most gineral. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn-cake in times gone, I used to git low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought my Christ had forgotten to be gracious to me. Satan makes great weepons out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothin' has power to separate me from Him I loves. I's had sorrows enough to break down a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only fotched me nearer to him! Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on dair way to glory, and swim into de shinin' harbor through a sea o' honey! But, sonny, dere's crosses to bar, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to bar 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help him up de hill wid de load o' poor bruised and wounded and sick sinners he's got on his hands and his heart to get up to glory. But, la, honey, how de time has flew! I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gi'se Satan fresh 'vantage over him. Come up to my palace, some day, and we'll have more talk about de way to glory."

MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

TOM.

YES, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this: —
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless there, full in my view
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire.
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Troddled alone from the cottage without

Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout —
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,

Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could. He sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes

Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again. O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster: I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them, — when, suddenly, there at their feet,

The great beams leaned in — they saw him — then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash, —
Jumped to get out of the way, — and I thought,
"All's up with poor little Robin!" and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there, — when swift, at my side,
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,
Straight as a dart — caught the child — and then came
Back with him, choking and crying, but — saved!
Saved safe and sound!

Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.

Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now: he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn't it true
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now! See, he's strong as a log!
And there comes Tom too —

Yes, Tom was our dog.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

THE SONG OF THE DYING.*

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare:
As they shout to our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink to our comrade's eyes.
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet:
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise.
A cup to the dead already:
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink:
We'll fall 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys.
One cup to the dead already;
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others:
We thought we were wiser then.
Ha, ha! let them think of their mothers
Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless are here and the wise.
A cup to the dead already:
Hurrah for the next that dies!

* The above striking poem is said to have been written by Capt. Dowling, of the East India Company service, during a fearful epidemic or plague, which desolated the garrison and cut off all means of rescue or escape.

There's many a hand that's shaking,
  There's many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
  They'll burn with the wine we've drunk!
So stand to your glasses, steady!
  'Tis here the revival lies.
A cup to the dead already:
  Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing:
  'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath.
And thus does the warmth of feeling
  Turn ice in the grasp of death.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
  For a moment the vapor flies.
A cup to the dead already:
  Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
  Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
  Of the soul shall sting no more?
So stand to your glasses, steady!
  The world is a world of lies.
A cup to the dead already:
  Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
  Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
  And the dullest remain behind,
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
  'Tis all we have left to prize.
A cup to the dead already,
  And hurrah for the next that dies!

MY NEIGHBOR'S BABY.

Across in my neighbor's window, with its drapings of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath its flowing ringlets, a baby's innocent face.

His feet, in crimson slippers, are tapping the polished glass;
And the crowd in the street look upward, and nod and smile
as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window, catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron, stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome as the baby's over the
way;
And he keeps my heart from breaking, at my toiling every
day.

Sometimes when the day is ended, and I sit in the dusk to
rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling hugged close to my
lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby may not catch heaven's
roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead of my loved one as
they fall.

And when I draw the stockings from his little weary feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples in his limbs so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them from mine so pure and
fair.

. . . . . .

May God forgive my envy — I know not what I said!
My heart is crushed and troubled, — my neighbor's boy is
dead!
I saw the little coffin as they carried it out to-day:
A mother's heart is breaking in the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window, the flowers bloom at my
door,
My boy is chasing the sunbeams that dance on the cottage
floor.
The roses of health are blooming on my darling's cheek to-
day,
But the baby is gone from the window of the mansion over
the way.

"THE PAPER DON'T SAY."

A FEW evenings since a Mr. Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident which happened at the factory in the town of L., and which the village editor had described in a great many words.

"I declare, wife, that was an awful accident over to the mill," said Mr. Slocum.

"What's it about, Mr. Slocum?"

"I'll read the 'count, wife, and then you'll know all about it."

Mr. S. began to read: —

"*Horrible and Fatal Accident.* — It becomes our melancholy and painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being, in the prime of life, was hurried to that bourne from which, as the immortal Shakspeare says, 'no traveller returns.'"

"Du tell!" exclaimed Mrs. S.

"Mr. David Jones, a workman who has but few superiors this side of the city, was superintending one of the large drums," —

"I wonder if 'twas a brass drum, such as has *Epluribus Unum*, printed on't?"

"When he became entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was drawn over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered, he had revolved with immense velocity about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution."

"Poor creature! how it must have hurt him!"

"When the machinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Jones's arms and legs were macerated into jelly."

"Well, didn't it kill him?" asked Mrs. Slocum, with increasing interest.

"Portions of the *dura mater*, *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum*, in confused masses, were scattered about the floor: in short, the gates of eternity had opened upon him."

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and his wife seized the opportunity to press the question, —

"Was the man killed?"

"I don't know, haven't come to that place yet: you'll know when I have finished the piece."

And Mr. Slocum continued reading: —

"It was evident, when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by the immortal spirit, that the vital spark was extinct."

"Was the man killed? that's what I want to come at," said Mrs. Slocum.

"Do have a little patience," said Mr. S., eying his better-half over his spectacles. "I presume we shall come upon it right away." And he went on reading: —

"This fatal casualty has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to all persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills."

"Now," said Mrs. Slocum, perceiving that the narrative was ended, "now I should like to know whether the man was killed or not?"

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been perusing, and took a graceful survey of the paper.

"I declare, wife," said he, "it's curious; but really the paper don't say!"

THE POST-BOY.

"Come over the bridge, Kitty Clooney, an' up by the Black Rock way.
I'm going to meet the post-boy, — he's makin' his rounds to-day, —
An' I'll hold ye anything, Kitty, he'll bring me a bit of a note,
For my heart is singin' an' dancin' an' pumpin' up in my throat.

"Make haste, dear, an' throw on yer shoulders yer little red-hooded cloak,
For the sky hangin' over the hill-tops is heavy with clouds like smoke.
'Twill be only a shower I'm thinkin', for, back of the mist, the sun
'Tis waitin' to laugh at the mountains for thinkin' the day was done.

Though his brother looked rather higher than he,
And hung out his shingle, — "H. Brown, M.D."
Meanwhile, at home, their brother Tom
Had taken a "notion" into his head;
Though he said not a word, but trimmed his trees
And hoed his corn and sowed his peas.
But somehow, either "by hook or crook,"
He managed to read full many a book.

Well, the war broke out, and "Captain Tom"
To battle a hundred soldiers led;
And when the rebel flag went down,
Came marching home as "*General* Brown."
But he went to work on the farm again,
Planted his corn and sowed his grain,
Repaired the house and broken fence;
And people said he had common sense.

Now, common sense was rather rare,
And the State House needed a portion there.
So our "family dunce" moved into town,
And people called him "Governor Brown;"
And his brothers, that went to the city school,
Came home to live with mother's fool.

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

A BOY drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-governed town;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so cunning and so sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.

His face was broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse, and rough;
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line:
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine.
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now, who will buy my apples?" he shouted, long and loud;
And, "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd.
But from all the people round him came no word of reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain, or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures — how to get them? crept the question through her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they might find;
And she paused a while and pondered, with a pretty little sigh.
Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewdness fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red.
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly said;
And the brown face flushed to scarlet, for the boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you want," quoth he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them," said she.
And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them underneath my shawl!

Carry back again *this* package, and be sure that you are spry!"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange, ungirlish freak;
And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could not speak.
And "Miss, I have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends would they greet,
Searching for them who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street.
"There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel with a twinkle in her eye.

WILL CARLETON.

"THE PALACE O' THE KING."

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,
An' sunny is the lan' we aften traivel thro';
But in vain we look for something to which our hearts can cling,
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry tread,
An' we sigh when hoary Winter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
For though bonnie are the snawflakes, an' the down on Winter's wing,
It's fine to ken it daurna' touch the palace o' the King.

Then, again, I've juist been thinkin' that when a' thing here's sae bricht,
The sun in a' its grandeur an' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
The ocean i' the simmer or the woodland i' the spring,
What maun it be up yonder i' the palace o' the King.

It's here we hae oor trials, an' it's here that he prepares
A' his chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner wears,
An' it's here that he wad hear us, 'mid oor tribulations sing,
"We'll trust oor God wha reigneth i' the palace of the King."

Though his palace is up yonder, he has kingdoms here below,
An' *we* are his ambassadors, wherever we may go:
We've a message to deliver, an' we've lost anes hame to bring,
To be leal and loyal-heartit i' the palace o' the King.

Oh! it's honor heaped on honor that his courtiers should be ta'en
Frae the wand'rin' anes he died for, i' this warl' o' sin an' pain,
An' it's fu'est love an' service that the Christian aye should bring
To the feet o' him wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King.

An' let us trust him better than we've ever done afore,
For the King will feed his servants frae his ever bounteous store.
Let us keep a closer grip o' him, for time is on the wing,
An' sune he'll come and tak' us to the palace o' the King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie, upon which the rainbows shine,
An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a never-fadin' Vine.
An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a glorious radiance fling
On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven, an' nae desolatin' sea,
And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free.
There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never-fadin' spring,
Where the Lamb is a' the glory, i' the palace o' the King.

We see oor frien's await us ower yonder at his gate:
Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late.
Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin': let's raise oor voice and sing,
"Sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the King!"

WILLIAM MITCHELL, *Edinburgh.*

GRANDFATHER.

GRANDFATHER is old. His back also is bent. In the street he sees crowds of men, looking dreadfully young and walking dreadfully swift. He wonders where all the old folks are. Once, when a boy, he could not find people young enough for him, and sidled up to any young stranger he met on Sundays, wondering why God made the world so old. Now he goes to Commencement to see his grandsons take their degree, and is astonished at the youth of the audience. "This is new," he says: "it did not use to be so fifty years before."

At meeting, the minister seems surprisingly young, the audience young; and he looks round, and is astonished that there are so few venerable heads. The audience seems not decorous: they come in late, and hurry off early, clapping the doors to after them with irreverent bang. But grandfather is decorous, well-mannered, early in his seat; jostled, he jostles not again; elbowed, he returns it not; crowded, he thinks no evil. He is gentlemanly to the rude, obliging to the insolent and vulgar — for grandfather is a gentleman, not puffed up with mere money, but edified with well-grown manliness. Time has dignified his good manners.

Now it is night. Grandfather sits by his old-fashioned fire. The family are all abed. He draws his old-fashioned chair nearer to the hearth. On the stand which his mother gave him are the candlesticks, also of old time. The candles are three-quarters burnt down; the fire on the hearth also is low. He has been thoughtful all day, talking half to himself, chanting a bit of verse, humming a snatch of an old tune. He kissed more tenderly than common his youngest granddaughter, the family pet, before she went to bed. He takes from his bosom a little locket — nobody ever sees it.

Therein are two little twists of hair, common hair — it might be yours or mine. But as grandfather looks at them, the outer twist of hair becomes a whole head of most ambrosial curls. He remembers the stolen interviews, the meetings by moonlight, and how sweet the evening star looked, and how he laid his hand on another's shoulder. "You are my evening star," quoth he. He remembers —

"The fountain head and pathless groves,
Places that pale Passion loves."

He thinks of his bridal hour.

The last stick on his andirons snaps asunder, and falls outward. Two faintly smoking brands stand there. Grandfather lays them together, and they flame up: the two smokes are one united flame. "Even so let it be in heaven," says grandfather. THEODORE PARKER.

"BUSINESS" IN MISSISSIPPI.

WHY, howd'y, Mash'r Johnny! Is you gone to keepin' store?
Well, sah, I *is* surprised! I nebber heared ob dat afore.
Say, ain't you gwine to gib me piece o' good tobacco, please?
I's long wid you in Georgia, time we all was refugees.

I know'd you would: I alluz tells the people, white an' black,
Dat you's a raal gentl'man, and dat's de libin' fac'—
Yes, sah, dat's what I tells 'em, an' it's nuffin else but true,
An' all the cullud people t'inks a mighty heap ob you.

Look heah, sah, don't you want to buy some cotton? Yes, you do.
Dare's oder parties wants it, but I'd rader sell to you.
How much? Oh! jes' a bale — dat on de wagon in de street:
Dis heah's de sample — dis is cotton mighty hard to beat!

You'll fin' it on de paper what de offers is dat's made.
Dey's all de same seditions, half in cash an' half in trade.
Dey's mighty low sah: come, now, can't you 'prove upon de rates
Dat Baret Brudders offers, only twelb and seben-eights?

Lord, Mash'r Johnny! raise it: don't you know dat I's a frien',
An' when I has de money I is willing for to spen?
My custom's wuf a heap, sah: jes you buy the bale an see!
Dare didn't nebber nobody lose nuffin' off o' me.

Now, what's de good ob gwine dare an' a-zaminin' de bale?
When people trades wid *me*, dey alluz gits a hones' sale.
I ain't no hand for cheating! I beliebes in actin' fa'r,
An' eberybody'll tell you dat day alluz foun' me squar'.

I isn't like some niggers. I declar', it is a shame
De way some ob dem swin'les — What? de cotton ain't de same
As dis dat's in de sample? Well, I'm blest, sir, if it *is*!
Dis heah must be my brudder's sample — yes, sah, dis is his.

If dat don't beat creation! Here I've done been totin' roun'
A sample different from de cotton! I—will—be—consound.
Mash'r Johnny, you must 'scuse me. Take de cotton as it stan's,
And tell me if you're willin' for to take it off my han's.

Sho! neber min' de auger! tain't a bit o' use to bore.
De bale is all de same as dis heah place de baggin's tore.
You oughtn't to go pulling out de cotton dat a way:
It spiles de beauty of de — What, sah! rocks in da, you say?

Rocks in dat 'ar cotton? How de debbil *kin* dat be?
I packed dat bale myself — hol' on a minnit, let me see —
My stars! I mus' be crazy. Mash'r Johnny, dis is fine!
I's gone an' hauled my brudder's cotton in instead ob mine!

CHRONICLE, *Augusta, Ga.*

THE INDIAN'S CLAIM.

THINK of the country for which the Indians fought! Who can blame them? As Philip looked down from his seat on Mount Hope, that glorious eminence, that

> "throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pomp and gold," —

as he looked down and beheld the lovely scene which spread beneath at a summer sunset, — the distant hill-tops blazing with gold, the slanting beams streaming along the waters,

the broad plains, the island groups, the majestic forest, — could he be blamed, if his heart burned within him, as he beheld it all passing, by no tardy process, from beneath his control into the hands of the stranger? As the river chieftains — the lords of the waterfalls and the mountains — ranged this lovely valley, can it be wondered at, if they beheld with bitterness the forest disappearing beneath the settler's axe — the fishing-place disturbed by his saw-mills? Can we not fancy the feelings with which some strong-minded savage, in company with a friendly settler, contemplating the progress already made by the white man, and marking the gigantic strides with which he was advancing into the wilderness, would fold his arms, and say, "White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers, but with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer: over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food: on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine. I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased for a few bawbles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs: they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land, to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong and mighty and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, 'It is mine.' Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup: the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west, — the fierce Mohawk — the man-eater — is my foe. Shall I fly to the east, — the great water is before me. No, stranger: here I have lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction: for that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps: the red man

is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee: when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, — till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee!"

EVERETT.

THE BATTLE FLAG OF SIGURD.*

I HAVE no folded flock to show,
Though from my youth I have loved the sheep
And the lambs, as they fed in the valleys low
Or climbed the upper pastures steep.
There were none given to me to keep.
I stood on the hill when the morn broke red.
Through the darkling glen the foe drew nigh:
They came on swift, with a stealthy tread.
I gave the earliest warning cry.
Then fell the falchion: the arrow flew.
I did not fight, nor yield, nor fly:
I held up the flag the whole day through.
Wrap it around me when I die.

I have no garnered sheaf to show;
Though oft with my shining sickle bared
I have led the reapers, row by row,
And joined the shout as we homeward fared.
I was not by when the land was shared.
I stood at morn when the maidens dread
Came forth ere the battle to choose the slain;
And at evening the raven's beak was red,
And the ravening wolves were met on the plain.

* "It carried victory with it, but death to the bearer."

Then hewed the hanger: the sword smote sore.
I held up the flag till the day went by.
It was glued to my straining clasp with gore.
Wrap it around me when I die.

I have no gorgeous spoil to show,
No torque of the beaten gold, no red
Rich broidered garment wrung from the foe,
Or flung down by chief as the vanquished fled.
I have only watched and toiled and bled.
I stand at eve on the vessel's prow.
My side is wounded; and I have striven
So long, that my arm is weary now.
And the flag that I hold is stained and riven.
The night winds murmur; the dank dews fall.
Mid a sullen sea and an angry sky,
I held up the flag in the sight of all.
Wrap it around me when I die.

THE WAY ASTORS ARE MADE.

This is the way Astors are made: —

A Munson-street man, being told that there were several pieces of tin which needed mending, conceived the idea of getting an iron and solder, and doing the mending himself. His wife, filled with vague foreboding perhaps, said that the expense was such a trifle that it would hardly pay to do it one's self: to which he responded, —

"I'll admit that, in this one instance, it would not pay; but there is something being in want of repair every little while, and, if I have the tools here for fixing it, we are saved just so much expense right along. It may not be much in the course of a year; but every little helps, and in time the total amounts to a nice little lump. We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country, by gracious!"

He got the iron, one dollar and fifty cents' worth of solder, and ten cents' worth of rosin. He came home with these things, and went into the kitchen, looking so proud and happy that his wife would have been glad he got them, were it not for an overpowering dread of an impending muss.

He called for the articles needing repair. His wife brought out a pan.

"Where's the rest? Bring 'em all out, an' let me make one job of 'em while I'm about it."

He got them all, and seemed to be disappointed that there were not more of them. He pushed the iron into the fire, got a milkpan inverted on his knee, and with the solder in his hand, waited for the right heat.

"That iron only cost a dollar, and it'll never wear out; and there is enough solder in this piece to do twenty-five dollars' worth of mending," he explained to his wife.

Pretty soon the iron was at the right heat, he judged. He rubbed the rosin about the hole which was to be repaired, and held the stick of solder over it, and carefully applied the iron. It was an intensely interesting moment. His wife watched him with feverish interest. He said, speaking laboriously, as he applied the iron, —

"The-only-thing-I-regret-about-it-is-that-I-did-not-think-of getting-this-before-we" —

Then ascended through that ceiling, and up into the very vault of heaven, the awfulest yell that woman ever heard; and the same instant the soldering-iron flew over the stove, the pan went clattering across the floor, and the bar of solder struck the wall with such force as to smash right through both the plaster and lath. And before her horrified gaze danced her husband, in ecstasy of agony, sobbing, screaming, and holding on to his left leg as desperately as if it was made of solid gold and studded with diamonds.

"Get the camphor, why don't you?" he yelled. "Send for a doctor. Oh, oh, I'm a dead man!" he shouted.

Just then his gaze rested on the soldering-iron. In an instant he caught it up, and hurled it through the window, without the preliminary of raising the sash.

It was some time before the thoroughly frightened and confused woman learned that some of the molten solder had run through the hole in the pan, and on to his leg; although she knew from the first that something of an unusual nature had occurred. She didn't send for the doctor. She made and applied the poultices herself, to save expense. She said, —

"We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country, by gracious!"

J. M. Bailey, *Danbury News Man.*

MR. WATKINS CELEBRATES.

Mr. Watkins is a gentle old man, living on Ninth Avenue. He believes in the Fourth of July, in long-winded orations, and especially in having fire-works in the evening. He has no children; but the neighbors have them by the square acre, and it was generally understood in that neighborhood that Mr. Watkins was going to give the children a treat Saturday night. He laid in a "pile" of rockets, Roman candles, fire-wheels, and so on, and rigged up a post, and had everything ready against the coming of night. When darkness fell and the glorious day of liberty was skulking away into obscurity, Mr. Watkins's yard was filled with expectant neighbors and their children. They sat on the stoop, on the fence, and were three deep on the grass.

The hour came, and Mr. Watkins prepared to unloose the fire-fiend. If he had ever seen any fire-works touched off, he had forgotten how they did it; but his ignorance didn't weigh on his shoulders like a grindstone. He took out a sky-rocket: a boy showed him how to set it up and where to ignite it, and away she went, striking plump against the house opposite. The owner of the house, who had been on a steamboat excursion and had his watch stolen, leaned over his gate, and said that he could, and had a good mind to, knock Mr. Watkins into eighteen fragments; but the boys hissed him into the house.

The next rocket was more of a success. It went straight up; and the stick came down on a baby's head, and produced a grand jubilee chorus. They took the baby home, and the next rocket was balanced with care. It started to rise, fell to one side, and went into a house where a red-headed young man sat squeezing the hand of a cross-eyed girl. It bobbed around a while, and then leaped out of the window; and the red-headed young man nearly twisted off a letter-box in trying to sound a fire-alarm.

Then Mr. Watkins selected a mild-eyed boy to go on with the remnant of the display. The rest of the rockets went knocking around the neighborhood roofs and chimneys, and the fiery serpents chased everybody over the fence. Mr. Watkins ran out to say that they must be careful, when a Roman candle commenced shooting at him. His hat was

knocked off, his hair singed; and as he cried, "Good land!" and jumped through the gate, a fire-ball hit him in the back, and took a foot of cloth out of his Sunday coat. More boys offered their services; and despite the protestations of the good old man, they decided on having a grand "Whoop de grease," as a wind-up. Two of them touched off the rockets, while the rest danced around the road with the Roman candles; and Mr. Watkins cried, "Good land!" again, and said he'd give ten dollars to see a policeman. He stuck his head out of a bay-window, and a rocket grazed his nose. Women ran, men shouted, and children whooped; and six bunches of fire-crackers on the stoop went off like the roar of musketry at Gettysburg. The last rocket hit the corner of the house, and glanced, and struck a fat man in the back who leaned against it, and said that he was mortally wounded, but that before he expired he was going to drink enough human gore to make a second Lake Erie.

DETROIT PRESS.

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

THEY planted them together — our gallant sires of old —
Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and one with solar gold.
They planted them together, — on the world's majestic height;
At Saratoga's deathless charge; at Eutaw's stubborn fight;
At midnight on the dark redoubt, 'mid plunging shot and shell;
At noontide, gasping in the crush of battle's bloody swell.
With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the mighty fray
Which surged and swelled around them on that memorable day
When they planted Independence as a symbol and a sign,
They struck deep soil, and planted the Palmetto and the Pine.

They planted them together, — by the river of the years, —
Watered with our fathers' hearts' blood, watered with our mothers' tears;

In the strong, rich soil of Freedom, with a bounteous benison
From their prophet, priest, and pioneer — our father, Washington!
Above them floated echoes of the ruin and the wreck,
Like "drums that beat at Louisburg and thundered at Quebec;"
But the old lights sank in darkness as the new stars rose to shine
O'er those emblems of the sections, the Palmetto and the Pine.

And we'll plant them still together, — for 'tis yet the self-same soil
Our fathers' valor won for us by victory and toil
On Florida's fair everglades, by bold Ontario's flood, —
And thro' them send electric life, as leaps the kindred blood!
For thus it is they taught us who for Freedom lived and died, —
The Eternal's law of justice must and shall be justified,
That God has joined together, by a fiat all divine,
The destinies of dwellers 'neath the Palm-tree and the Pine.

God plant them still together! Let them flourish side by side
In the halls of our Centennial, mailed in more than marble pride!
With kindly deeds and noble names we'll grave them o'er and o'er
With brave historic legends of the glorious days of yore;
While the clear, exultant chorus, rising from united bands,
The echo of our triumph peals to earth's remotest lands;
While "Faith, Fraternity, and Love" shall joyfully entwine
Around our chosen emblems, the Palmetto and the Pine.

"Together!" shouts Niagara, his thunder-toned decree;
"Together!" echo back the waves upon the Mexic Sea;
"Together!" sing the sylvan hills where old Atlantic roars;
"Together!" boom the breakers on the wild Pacific shores;
"Together!" cry the people. And "*together*," it shall be,
An everlasting charter-bond forever for the free!
Of liberty the signet-seal, the one eternal sign,
Be those *united emblems* — the Palmetto and the Pine.

MRS. VIRGINIA L. FRENCH.

PIP'S FIGHT.

"COME and fight," said the pale young gentleman.

What could I do but follow him? I have often asked myself the question since; but, what else could I do? His manner was so final, and I was so astonished, that I followed where he led, as if I had been under a spell.

"Stop a minute, though," he said, wheeling round before we had gone many paces. "I ought to give you a reason for fighting, too. There it is!" In a most irritating manner he instantly slapped his hands against one another, daintily flung one of his legs up behind him, pulled my hair, slapped his hands again, dipped his head, and butted it into my stomach.

The bull-like proceeding last mentioned, besides that it was unquestionably to be regarded in the light of a liberty, was particularly disagreeable just after bread and meat. I therefore hit out at him, and was going to hit out again, when he said, "Aha! Would you?" and began dancing backwards and forwards in a manner quite unparalleled within my limited experience.

"Laws of the game!" said he. Here, he skipped from his left leg on to his right. "Regular rules!" Here, he skipped from his right leg on to his left. "Come to the ground, and go through the preliminaries!" Here, he dodged backwards and forwards, and did all sorts of things, while I looked helplessly at him.

I was secretly afraid of him when I saw him so dexterous; but I felt morally and physically convinced that his light head of hair could have had no business in the pit of my stomach, and that I had a right to consider it irrelevant when so obtruded on my attention. Therefore I followed him, without a word, to a retired nook of the garden, formed by the junction of two walls, and screened by some rubbish. On his asking me if I was satisfied with the ground, and on my replying "Yes," he begged my leave to absent himself for a moment, and quickly returned with a bottle of water and a sponge dipped in vinegar. "Available for both," he said, placing these against the wall. And then fell to pulling off, not only his jacket and waistcoat, but his shirt too, in a manner at once light-hearted, business-like, and bloodthirsty.

Although he did not look very healthy — having pimples on his face, and a breaking out at his mouth — these dreadful preparations quite appalled me. I judged him to be about my own age; but he was much taller, and he had a way of spinning himself about that was full of appearance. For the rest, he was a young gentlemen in a gray suit (when not denuded for battle), with his elbows, knees, wrists, and heels considerably in advance of the rest of him as to development.

My heart failed me when I saw him squaring at me with every demonstration of mechanical nicety, and eying my anatomy as if he were minutely choosing his bone. I never have been so surprised in my life, as I was when I let out the first blow, and saw him lying on his back, looking up at me with a bloody nose and his face exceedingly fore-shortened.

But he was on his feet directly, and after sponging himself with a great show of dexterity began squaring again. The second greatest surprise I have ever had in my life was seeing him on his back again, looking up at me out of a black eye.

His spirit inspired me with great respect. He seemed to have no strength, and he never once hit me hard, and he was always knocked down; but he would be up again in a moment, sponging himself or drinking out of the water-bottle, with the greatest satisfaction in seconding himself according to form, and then came at me with an air and a show that made me believe he really was going to do for me at last. He got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to record that the more I hit him, the harder I hit him; but he came up again and again and again, until at last he got a bad fall with the back of his head against the wall. Even after that crisis in our affairs, he got up and turned round and round confusedly a few times, not knowing where I was; but finally went on his knees to his sponge, and threw it up, at the same time panting out, "That means you have won."

He seemed so brave and innocent, that although I had not proposed the contest, I felt but a gloomy satisfaction in my victory. Indeed I go so far as to hope that I regarded myself while dressing, as a species of savage young wolf, or other wild beast. However, I got dressed, darkly wiping my sanguinary face at intervals, and I said, "Can I help you?" and he said, "No, thankee," and I said, "Good-afternoon," and *he* said, "Same to you." DICKENS.

CUDDLE DOON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faucht an' din.
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues:
Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak.
I try to gie a froon;
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
They stop awee the soun'—
Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance:
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks:
He'd bother half the toon.
But aye I hap them up, and cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their faither's fit;
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs.
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.

I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But sune the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE HOT ROASTED CHESTNUT.

A PARODY.

How dear to my heart is the hot-chestnut vender,
Who comes with cold weather and goes with the snow!
What finds he to do in the summer, I wonder?
To the North or the South, which way does he go?
He stands on the corner when chill winds are blowing,
His fingers alternately burning and cold,
And stirs up the chestnuts to keep them from burning —
I wish he would pick out the bad and the old!
The sweet toothsome chestnut, the brown-covered chestnut,
The hot roasted chestnut I remember of old!

The scent of the roasting — what rose can surpass it?
So fragrant and tempting, the nuts sweet and brown!
About eleven in the morning I never could pass it,
With change in my pocket, without coming down.
How eager I seized on the little tin measure,
And quick in my pockets the contents did pour.
No language could tell all the sweets of the treasure.
Just try it yourself, and you'll quickly want more.
The tempting ripe chestnut, the soft mealy chestnut,
The hot roasted chestnut we cherished of yore!

The home-made Italians from whom we receive it,
Some male and some female, my blessings to all!
They may be a nuisance, but I'll not believe it:
They'd rather roast chestnuts than not work at all.
Although I'm no longer a dear little urchin,
I cherish the memory of pleasure so sweet;
And while in the season I still will keep munchin'
The hot roasted chestnut with the sweetest of meat.
The sweet toothsome chestnut, the brown-covered chestnut,
The hot roasted chestnut that's bought on the street!

J. ED. MILLIKEN.

ST. JOHN, THE AGED.

I'm growing very old. This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
These limbs that followed Him — my master — oft
From Galilee to Judea; yea, that stood
Beneath the cross and trembled with his groans,
Refuse to bear me even through the streets
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.
My ears are dull: they scarcely hear the sobs
Of my dear children gathered round my couch,
My eyes so dim they cannot see their tears.
God lays his hand upon me, — yea, his *hand*,
And not his *rod*, — the gentle hand that I
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.

I'm old, so old! I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends, and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life;
But that dear face, and every word *He* spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with Him and holy dead
More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
Crept up the distant hills; and in its wake
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
And then *He* came and called me. Then I gazed,
For the first time, on that sweet face. Those eyes,
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it forever. Then His words
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate Love
Took hold of me, and claimed me for its own.
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

Oh! what holy walks we had,
Through harvest fields and desolate dreary wastes;
And oftentimes He leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and wayworn: I was young and strong,
And so upbore Him. Lord! now *I* am weak,
And old, and feeble. Let me rest on thee!
So put thine arm around me. Closer, still!
How strong thou art! The twilight draws apace.
Come, let us leave these noisy streets, and take
The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile
Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter — see —
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to his kingdom? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so.
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills
And touch my Master. Oh! how oft I've seen
The touching of his garments bring back strength
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
Up! bear me once more to my church — once more,
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love;
For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice

Just now, I think he must be very near —
Coming, I trust, to break the veil, which time
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
And watch his footsteps.

So raise up my head.
How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!
My little children. God so loved the world
He gave his Son: so love ye one another.
Love God and man. Amen. Now bear me back.
My legacy unto an angry world is this.
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
What call the folk my name? The holy John?
Nay, write me rather, Jesus Christ's beloved,
And lover of my children.

Lay me down
Once more upon my couch, and open wide
The eastern window. See! there comes a Light
Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,
When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
As when we mounted towards the pearly gates.
I know the way! I trod it once before.
And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
Can join it now. But who are these who crowd
The shining way? Say! — Joy! 'tis the eleven!
With Peter first. How eagerly he looks!
How bright the smiles are beaming on James's face!
I am the last. Once more we are complete
To gather round the Paschal feast. My place
Is next my Master. O my Lord! my Lord!
How bright thou art, and yet the very same
I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years
To feel this bliss! So lift me up, dear Lord,
Unto thy bosom. There shall I abide.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
Beneath a roof projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that, whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the king,
Would cause the syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts,—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And, day by day, sat brooding in his chair
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said, "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways:
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer-time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song,
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade,
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The knight was called and questioned: in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny,
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the king; then said,
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way:
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute,
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore, the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The knight withdrew abashed: the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The king heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud, "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church bells at best but ring us to the door,
But go not in to mass. My bell doth more:
It cometh into court, and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws.
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

LONGFELLOW.

MR. O'HOOLAHAN'S MISTAKE.

An amusing scene occurred in Justice Young's court-room an evening or two since. Two sons of the "ould sod," full of "chain-lightning" and law, rushed in, and, advancing to the justice's little law-pulpit at the rear of the court-room, both began talking at once.

"One at a time, if you please," said the judge.

"Judge — yer — honor — will I sphake thin?" said one of the men.

"Silence!" roared his companion. "I am here! Let me talk! Phwat do you know about law?"

"Keep still yourself, sir," said the judge. "Let him say what he wants."

"Well, I want me naime aff the paiper. That's phwat I want," said the man.

"Off what paper?" said the judge.

"Well, aff the paiper: ye ought to know what paiper. Sure, ye married me, they say."

"To whom?" asked the judge.

"Some female, sir; and I don't want her, sir. It don't go! and I want me naime aff the paiper."

"Silence!" roared the friend, bringing his huge fist down upon the little pulpit, just under the judge's nose, with a tremendous thwack. "Silence! I am here. Phwat do you know about law? Sure, yer honor, it was Tim McCloskey's wife that he married — his widdy, I mane. You married thim, yer honor."

"And I was dhrunk at the time, sir. Yis, sir; an' I was not a free aigent; an' I don't know a thing about it, sir — devil roawst me. I want me naime aff the paiper — I repudiate, sir."

"Silence! Let me spake. Phwat do you know about law?" bringing his fist down upon the judge's desk.

"But I was dhrunk: I was not at the time a free aigent."

"Silence! I am here to spake. It does not depind on that at all. It depinds — and there is the whole pint, both in law and equity — it depinds whether was the woman a sole trader or not at the time this marriage was solemnated. That is the pint, both in law and equity!"

"But I was dhrunk at the time. Divil roawst me if I

knowed I was gittin' married. I was not a free aigent. I want the judge to taik me naime aff the paiper. It don't go."

The judge tried to explain to the man that, drunk or sober, he was married to the woman fast enough, and, if he wanted a divorce, he must go to another court.

"Divil burn me!" cried the man, "if I go to another court. Ye married me, and ye can unmarry me. Taik me naime aff the paiper!"

"Silence!" cried the friend, bringing his fist down in close proximity to the judge's nose. "Phwat do you know about law? I admit, judge, that he must go to a higher court; that is (down comes the fist) if the woman can prove (whack) that she was at the time the marriage was solemnated (whack) a regularly ordained sole thrader (whack). On this pint it depinds, both in law and equity."

"I have had enough of this!" cried the judge: "I cannot divorce you. You are married, and married you must remain, for all I can do."

"Ye won't taik me naime aff the paiper, thin!"

"It would not mend the matter," said the judge.

"Ye won't taik it aff?"

"No: I won't!" fairly yelled the judge.

"Silence!" cried the partner, bringing down his fist, and raising a cloud of dust under the judge's nose. "It depinds whether, at the time, the woman was a regular sole"—

"Get out of here," cried the judge. "I've had about enough of this!" at the same time rising.

"Ye won't taik it aff? Very well, thin, I'll go hoam and devorce myself. Divil roawst me, I'll fire the thatch! I will"—

Here he glanced toward the front door: his under jaw drooped, he ceased speaking, and in a half-stooping posture he went out of the back door of the office like a shot.

The valiant friend and legal adviser also glanced toward the door, when he, too, doubled up and scooted in the footsteps of his illustrious principal.

A look at the door showed it darkened by a woman about six feet in height, and so broad as to fill it almost from side to side.

The judge took a look at this mountain of flesh, doubled up, and was about to take the back track, but thought better of it, and took refuge behind his little law-pulpit.

The mountain advanced, gave utterance in a sort of inter-

nal rumble, and then, amid fire, smoke, and burning lava, belched out, —

"Did I, or did I not, see Michael O'Hoolahan sneak out of your back door?"

"I believe O'Hoolahan is the name of one of the gentlemen who just went out," said the judge.

Advancing upon the pulpit — behind which the judge settled lower and lower — the mountain belched, —

"You be-e-lave! You know it was Michael O'Hoolahan! Now, what is all this connivin' in here about? Am I a widdy again? Did ye taik his naime aff the paiper? Did you taik it aff?"

"N-no," said the judge.

"Ye didn't? Don't ye decave me!"

"No: I give you my word of honor I didn't, couldn't — I had no right."

"It's well for ye ye didn't. I'll tache him to be rinnin' about connivin' to lave me a lone widdy agin', whin I'm makin' a jintleman of him!"

With this she sailed back to the door, where she turned, and, shaking her fist, thus adressed the tip of the judge's nose, which alone was visible above the little pulpit, —

"Now, do you mind that you lave his name on the paiper! I want no meddlin' wid a man wanst I git him. No more connivin'!"

THE LITTLE HERO.*

Now, lads, a short yarn I'll just spin you,
As happened on our very last run, —
'Bout a boy as a man's soul had in him,
Or else I'm a son of a gun.

From Liverpool port out three days, lads;
The good ship floating over the deep;
The skies bright with sunshine above us;
The waters beneath us, asleep.

* As recited by the eminent tragedian John McCulloch.

Not a bad-tempered lubber among us.
A jollier crew never sailed,
'Cept the first mate, a bit of a savage,
But good seaman as ever was hailed.

Regulation, good order, his motto;
Strong as iron, steady as quick;
With a couple of bushy black eyebrows,
And eyes fierce as those of Old Nick.

One day he comes up from below,
A-graspin' a lad by the arm, —
A poor little ragged young urchin
As had ought to bin home to his marm.

An' the mate asks the boy, pretty roughly,
How he dared for to be stowed away,
A-cheatin' the owners and captain,
Sailin', eatin', and all without pay.

The lad had a face bright and sunny,
An' a pair of blue eyes like a girl's,
An' looks up at the scowlin' first mate, lads,
An' shakes back his long shining curls.

An' says he, in a voice dear and pretty,
"My step-father brought me aboard,
And hid me away down the stairs there;
For to keep me he couldn't afford.

"And he told me the big ship would take me
To Halifax town, — oh, so far!
And he said, 'Now the Lord is your father,
Who lives where the good angels are.'"

"It's a lie," says the mate: "not your father,
But some of these big skulkers aboard,
Some milk-hearted, soft-headed sailor.
Speak up, tell the truth, d'ye hear?"

"'Twarn't us," growled the tars as stood round 'em.
"What's your age?" says one of the brine.
"And your name?" says another old salt fish.
Says the small chap, "I'm Frank, just turned nine."

"Oh, my eyes!" says another bronzed seaman
To the mate, who seemed staggered hisself,
"Let him go free to old Novy Scoshy,
And I'll work out his passage myself."

"Belay!" says the mate: "shut your mouth, man!
I'll sail this ere craft, bet your life,
An' I'll fit the lie on to you somehow,
As square as a fork fits a knife."

Then a-knitting his black brows with anger,
He tumbled the poor slip below;
An', says he, "P'r'aps to-morrow'll change you.
If it don't, back to England you go."

I took him some dinner, be sure, mates,—
Just think, only nine years of age!
An' next day, just as six bells tolled,
The mate brings him up from his cage.

An' he plants him before us amidships,
His eyes like two coals all a-light;
An' he says, through his teeth, mad with passion,
An' his hand lifted ready to smite,

"Tell the truth, lad, and then I'll forgive you;
But the truth I will have. Speak it out.
It wasn't your father as brought you,
But some of these men here about.

Then that pair o' blue eyes, bright and winning,
Clear and shining with innocent youth,
Looks up at the mate's bushy eyebrows;
An', says he, "Sir, I've told you the truth."

'Twarn't no use: the mate didn't believe him,
Though every man else did, aboard.
With rough hand by the collar he seized him,
And cried, "You shall hang, by the Lord!"

An' he snatched his watch out of his pocket,
Just as if he'd been drawin' a knife.
"If in ten minutes more you don't speak, lad,
There's the rope, and good-by to your life."

There! you never see such a sight, mates,
As that boy with his bright pretty face,—
Proud though, and steady with courage,
Never thinking of asking for grace.

Eight minutes went by all in silence.
Says the mate then, "Speak, lad: say your say."
His eyes slowly filling with tear-drops,
He faltering says, "May I pray?"

I'm a rough and hard old tarpa'lin
As any "blue-jacket" afloat;
But the salt water springs to my eyes, lads,
And I felt my heart rise in my throat.

The mate kind o' trembled an' shivered,
And nodded his head in reply;
And his cheek went all white of a sudden,
And the hot light was quenched in his eye,

Tho' he stood like a figure of marble,
With his watch tightly grasped in his hand,
An' the passengers all still around him:
Ne'er the like was on sea or on land.

An' the little chap kneels on the deck there,
An' his hands he clasps over his breast,
As he must ha' done often at home, lads,
At night-time, when going to rest.

And soft come the first words. "Our Father,"
Low and soft from the dear baby-lip;
But, low as they were, heard like trumpet
By each true man aboard of that ship.

Ev'ry bit of that prayer, mates, he goes through,
To, "Forever and ever. Amen."
And for all the bright gold of the Indies,
I wouldn't ha' heard it again.

And, says he, when he finished, uprising
An' lifting his blue eyes above,
"Dear Lord Jesus, oh, take me to heaven,
Back again to my own mother's love!"

For a minute or two, like a magic,
We stood every man like the dead.
Then back to the mate's face comes running
The life-blood again, warm and red.

Off his feet was that lad sudden lifted,
And clasped to the mate's rugged breast;
And his husky voice muttered "God bless you!"
As his lips to his forehead he pressed.

If the ship hadn't been a good sailer,
And gone by herself right along,
All had gone to Old Davy; for all, lads,
Was gathered 'round in that throng.

Like a man, says the mate, "God forgive me,
That ever I used you so hard.
It's myself as had ought to be strung up,
Taut and sure, to that ugly old yard."

"You believe me then?" said the youngster.
"Believe you!" He kissed him once more.
"You'd have laid down your life for the truth, lad.
Believe you! From now, evermore!"

An' p'r'aps, mates, he wasn't thought much on
All that day and the rest of the trip;
P'r'aps he paid after all for his passage;
P'r'aps he wasn't the pet of the ship.

An' if that little chap ain't a model,
For all, young or old, short or tall,
And if that ain't the stuff to make men of,
Old Ben, he knows naught after all.

THE VILLAGE SEWING-SOCIETY.

"Mis' Jones is late agen to-day:
I'd be ashamed now ef 'twas me.
Don't tell it, but I've heerd folks say
She only comes to git her tea."

"Law me! she needn't want it *here.*
The deacon's folks ain't much on eatin':
They haven't made a pie this year!
Of course, 'twon't do to be repeatin';

"But old Mis' Jenkins says it's true
(You know she lives just 'cross the way,
And sees most everything they do).
She says she saw 'em t'other day"—

"Hush, here comes Hannah! How d'ye do?
Why, what a pretty dress you've got!"
("Her old merino made up new:
I know it by that faded spot.")

"Jest look! there's Dr. Stebbins' wife"—
"A bran-new dress and bunnit!—well—
They say she leads him *such* a life!
But, there! I promised not to tell.

"What's that Mis' Brown? '*All friends,*' of course;
And you can see with your own eyes,
That *that* gray mare's the better horse,
Though gossipin' I do despise."

"Poor Mary Allen's lost her beau"—
"It serves her right, conceited thing!
She's flirted awfully, I know.
Say, have you heard she kept his ring?"

"Listen! the clock is striking six.
Thank goodness! then it's time for tea."
"Now ain't that too much! Abby Mix
Has folded up her work! Just see!"

"Why *can't* she wait until she's told?
Yes, thank you, deacon, here we come."
("I hope the biscuits won't be cold,
No coffee? Wish I was to hum!")

"Do tell, Mis' Ellis! *Did* you make
This cheese? the best I ever saw.
Such jumbles too (no jelly cake):
I'm quite ashamed to take one more."

"Good-by: we've had a first-rate time,
And first-rate tea, I must declare.
Mis' Ellis' things are always prime.
(Well, next week's meetin' won't be *there!*")

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

A LITTLE child rests on a bed of pain,
With an aching head and a throbbing brain.
A feverish flush on the soft cheek lies,
And a wistful look in the sweet blue eyes,
As the sick child moans, "How the slow hours creep!
Will the Lord not send to his little one sleep?"

And the mother smoothed from the child's brow fair
The clustering locks of her golden hair,
And murmured, "My darling, we cannot tell;
But we know that the Father doth all things well;
And we know that never a creature in pain
Addressed a prayer to his mercy in vain.
Time has no line that his hand may not smooth;
Life has no grief that his love cannot soothe;
And the fevered brow shall have rest at last,
In the healing shade from the death cross cast.
Look up, my precious one: why shouldst thou weep?
The Lord giveth aye to his loved ones sleep."

And the little one gazed with a glad surprise
In the loving depths of those patient eyes,
Then lifted her lips for one long embrace,
And turned with a smile on her weary face.
And the mother smiled as the early morn
Marked the deep peace on the childish form,
And cried aloud in her thankfulness deep,
"The dear Lord be praised, who hath given her sleep!"

Ay, mother — she sleeps, in that charmed repose,
That shall waken no more to earth's pains and woes,
For the Saviour hath gathered his lamb to his breast,
Where never life's storms shall her peace molest.

His dear love willed not that time should trace
One sorrowful line on that innocent face.
Others, less favored, might suffer their share
Of the midnight toil and the noontide glare;
Others might labor, others might weep;
But "the Lord giveth aye to his loved ones sleep."

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

THE dignity of labor! Consider its achievements! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts, in its persevering promotion of human happiness, "clamorous labor knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world! Labor clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes "the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labor drives the plough, and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the nine hundred millions of the family of man. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment, soft and warm, and beautiful, — the purple robe of the prince, and the gray gown of the peasant, being alike its handiwork. Labor moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears, not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome. Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. Labor explores the rich veins of deeply buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labor smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, — from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead. Labor hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and

guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountains with its dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low." Labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains, and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, compete with the lightning, — for the telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself. Labor, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste. He looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation: then, waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountains' slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor; representatives of far-off regions make it their resort. Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service. Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty. Civilization smiles. Liberty is glad. Humanity rejoices. Piety exults, — for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side.

Working men, walk worthy of your vocation! You have a noble escutcheon: disgrace it not! There is nothing really mean and low but sin. Stoop not from your lofty throne to defile yourselves by contamination with intemperance, licentiousness, or any form of evil. Labor, allied with virtue, may look up to heaven and not blush, while all worldly dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave their owner without a corner of the universe in which to hide his shame. You will most successfully prove the honor of toil by illustrating in your own persons its alliance with a sober, righteous, and godly life. Be ye sure of this, that the man of toil who works in a spirit of obedient, loving homage to God, does no less than cherubim and seraphim in their loftiest flights and holiest songs.

REV. NEWMAN HALL.

A LITTLE SHOE.

THERE it lies, a little shoe —
Only that, at least to you.
Just such others, six or more,
Patter on the nursery floor.
And your heart and lips are smiling:
Some sweet thought is you beguiling,
Of one little pair of feet
That will hurry out to meet
Mother. . . . And when they have found you,
Chubby arms will cling around you.
You will have no need to call him:
Neither sleep nor death enthral him.
You will hold him to your breast
With an utter sense of rest, —
All your own within your grasp.
At your neck the baby clasp.

. . . . . .

And to me a tearless weeping,
And a hunger never sleeping,
As I stand, my heart out-leaping,
Knocking, knocking at the door,
Where God stands forevermore.
For he holds the wee one who
Once did wear this little shoe.
And the tender little voice,
That did make my heart rejoice,
Maybe he has taught another
Language, and the childish clinging,
Has died out in his up-bringing,
And he will not know his mother.

. . . . . .

Not the shoe, but what was in it,
As the cage that holds the linnet,
Did I love; but Christ bereft me.
And the husk alone is left me:
On my dead heart let it lie.
I could leave it, if on high
My lost little one should meet me,
Tottering, hurrying up to greet me. . . .
This you know not — only you
See a little common shoe.

"THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GI'E."

THERE'S a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging-plate,
The church was but dim with the candle's light.
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size.
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said:
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought:
"I can't help them all — I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said: "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me.
They lend to him who give to the poor:
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out:
"The Lord is na cheated — he kens thee well.
He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the puir:
But in that account he'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale, —
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke;

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in his account
For all the pennies we long "to gi'e." H. H.

A QUESTION.

As Annie was carrying the baby one day,
Tossing aloft the lump of inanity, —
Dear to its father and mother no doubt,
To the rest of the world a mere lump of humanity, —
Sam came along, and was thinking then, maybe,
Full as much of Annie as she of the baby.

"Just look at the baby!" cried Ann, in a flutter,
Giving its locks round her fingers a twirl:
"If I was a man I know that I couldn't
Be keeping my hands off a dear little girl."
And Sam gave a wink, as if to say, "Maybe,
Of the girls, I'd rather hug you than the baby!"

"Now kiss it!" she cried, still hugging it closer.
"Its mouth's like the roses the honey-bee sips!"
Sam stooped to obey; and, as heads came together,
There chanced to arise a confusion of lips!
And, as it occurred, it might have been, maybe,
That each got a kiss, Sam, Ann, and the baby!

It's hard to tell what just then was the matter,
For the baby was the only one innocent there:
And Annie flushed up like a full-blown peony,
And Samuel turned red to the roots of his hair.
So the question is thus, — you can answer it, maybe, —
Did Annie kiss Sam, or both kiss the baby?

THE COBBLER'S SECRET.

A WAGGISH cobbler once, in Rome,
Put forth a proclamation,
That he'd be willing to disclose,
For a due consideration,
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose, —
The way to make, in one short day,
A hundred pair of shoes!

From every quarter, to the sight,
There ran a thousand fellows, —
Tanners, cobblers, boot-men, shoe-men,
Jolly leather-sellers, —
All redolent of beer and smoke,
And cobbler's wax and hides:
Each fellow pays his thirty pence,
And calls it cheap besides.

Silence! — the cobbler enters,
And casts around his eyes;
Then curls his lip, the rogue! then frowns;
And then looks wondrous wise.
"My friends," he says, "'tis simple, quite,
The plan that I propose;
And every one of you, I think,
Might learn it, if he chose.

"A good sharp knife is all you'll need,
In carrying out my plan:
So easy is it, none can fail,
Let him be child or man.
To make a hundred pairs of shoes,
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pairs of boots,
And cut off all the tops!"

THE LOST CATS.

It is estimated that between 15,000 and 20,000 cats perisned in the flames that lately licked half our city from the side of Mt. Davidson. The estimate is probably too high, as it appears to us that we miss no more than about 10,000 or 12,000—that is, in a general way. We, however, particularly miss and mourn no more than 200 or 300. These were favorites of our neighborhood, that were wont nightly to do gambols and execute difficult musical selections for our diversion. How often, when the witching hour marking the noon of night was stealing in, have we seen some giant of the feline horde — a fighter from Bitter Creek — mount the giddy height of a neighborhood fire-wall and sound his warlike bugle. We can see him now, as with arched back reared against the sky like some rounded chaparral hill, and erect tail waving like a cedar in a storm, he stands, in his sphere and according to his knowledge, a defiant Ajax. The moon is playing at hide-and-seek among a floating archipelago of clouds, as he thus stands up and defines his position categorically as the boss fighter of the town. Another yell of warlike portent tells that the challenge is accepted, and another Ajax appears upon the wall, arches his back, and waves an angry tail. The pair draw their feet well beneath them, dig their claws into the wall, and cautiously creep forward, ever and anon uttering sounds that would seem great though they came from the lungs of a pair of adult mastodons. The friends and allies of the champions make their appearance on the roofs of surrounding houses and sheds, utter their several war-cries, and deploy as skirmishers. The two champions come together like rocks rolled from the sides of opposite hills; the skirmishers, with green eyes flashing, engage in all directions; and the battle has become general. The air is rent with howls, shrieks, groans, and gurgles — all the house-tops are covered with hair. Half a dozen soda bottles and as many old boots crash down upon those roofs and against the walls; there is a spit, a sputter, and a fizz; then all is as silent as the tomb. Where now are those heroes and their heroic followers? Alas, their calcined bones alone are left in the places where they once frisked and fought! All are gone! The tortoise-shell of the old maid, the mighty

Maltese of the old bachelor, the pet cats that used to sleep on the counters and bite all who stroked them, and the wild cats that dropped down from places and stared at one in the night, — all are gone! The great fire cremated them all. In vain they darted from shed to stable and from stable to sidewalk, with their tails erect and smoking, or all aflame. Let all true lovers of the cat join in and wail a willanous caterwaul!

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

South Mountain towering on our right,
Far off the river lay;
And over on the wooded height
We held their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were still:
The day died slow and wan.
At last the gunners pipes did fill,
The sergeant's yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised, within our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed.
(Of such a little one in heaven
One soldier often dreamed.)

And, as we stared, her little hand
Went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are you?"
At length the sergeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled again.
She lisped out, "Who is me?
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane,
The pride of Battery B.

"My home? Why, that was burned away,
And pa and ma are dead;
And so I ride the guns all day
Along with Sergeant Ned.

"And I've a drum that's not a toy,
A cap with feathers, too;
And I march beside the drummer-boy
On Sundays at review.

"But now our 'bacca's all give out,
The men can't have their smoke;
And so they're cross — why, even Ned
Won't play with me and joke.

"And the big colonel said to-day —
I hate to hear him swear —
He'd give a leg for a good pipe
Like the Yank had, over there.

"And so I thought, when beat the drum
And the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent, and come
Out here across the hill,

"And beg, good Mister Yankee men,
You'd give me some 'Lone Jack.'
Please do: when we get some again,
I'll surely bring it back.

"Indeed I will; for, Ned, — says he, —
If I do what I say,
I'll be a general yet, maybe,
And ride a prancing bay."

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er.
You should have heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down
A score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice
Said "'Tention, squad!" and then

We gave her escort, till good-night
The pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight, —
Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her tiny form, — nor turned about
A man, nor spoke a word,
Till, after a while, a far, hoarse shout
Upon the wind we heard.

We sent it back, then cast sad eyes
Upon the scene around.
A baby's hand had touched the ties
That brothers once had bound.

That's all — save when the dawn awoke
Again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
The screaming missiles fell,

Our general often rubbed his glass,
And marvelled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell
In the camp of Battery B.

F. H. GASSAWAY.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot comes schust to my knee, —
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house.
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese —

Dot vas der roughest chouse.
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der schticks to beat it mit —
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart
He kicks oup sooch a touse;
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss.

I some dimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes enshoy.
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

TWO PORTRAITS.

I.

Paint me a picture, master!
And make it strict and true.
Put on the cheeks no brighter red,
In the eyes no deeper blue;
Give to her form no softer grace, —
For to each rounded limb
The highest lines thine art can trace
Are shadowless and dim.

Color to life her matchless hair;
And, if thou may'st, portray
The sweetness of those scarlet lips,
The smiles that round them play.
Canst thou produce the radiant light
That beams from out her eyes,
Or make more fair, or pure, or bright
The soul that in them lies?

Fashion my bride, good painter!
Loving and kind and true,
Fair as a wreath of lilies,
Sweet as its perfume, too.

II.

Paint me another picture,
As in the years before,
Tracing with careful pencil
Herself, and nothing more.
Leave not a single shadow
Out of that snowy brow—
Every thread of silver:
Paint her as she is now.

Maybe the eye is duller
Far than it used to be;
Maybe the cheek is paler;
Maybe the smile less free.
Care has altered them, doubtless;
But, oh! I tell to you,
The cloud that darkened one life
Shadowed the other, too.

Paint me my wife, O master!
Now that the years have fled,
And love has blossomed out of
The dust of passion dead.
Place the pictures together,
Side by side, on the wall.
Which is to me the fairest?
Give me the last of all.

ELDER SNIFFLES' COURTSHIP.

ADAPTED FROM "THE WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS."

SCENE. — *A Wood, with tree in centre: log seat before it. For a Parlor, stand a clothes-horse in centre, throw a green cloth over it, place an ottoman in front, and let the cloth cover that.*

COSTUMES. — *Widow Bedott: Black dress; white shawl, pinned across bosom, wide collar over it, with frill: gray hair, widow's cap, and old-fashioned bonnet. Elder Sniffles: Suit of rusty black, long black hair, tall black hat, white necktie, and spectacles.*

WIDOW *advances from behind the tree,* R., *her hands clasped, and, standing by tree, sings or recites in a plaintive voice: —*

Ere love had teached my tears to flow,
I was oncommon cherful,
But now such misery I dew know
I'm always sad and ferful.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
All on a summer's day!
But oh, my comforts was destroyed,
When Shadrack crossed my way!

I heerd him preach — I heerd him pray —
I heerd him sweetly sing.
Dear suz! how I did feel that day!
It was a dretful thing!

ELDER SNIFFLES *advances from behind tree,* L., *his eyes fastened on an open book.*

Full forty dollars would I give,
If we'd continnerd apart —
For though he's made my sperrit live,
He's surely burst my heart!

[*She sits on log; sighs profoundly. The elder shuts his book, and steps towards her.*]

Elder. Most worthy Mrs. Bedott!

Widow. Good gracious! is that you, Elder Sniffles? How you *did* scare me! Never was so flustrated in all the days o' my life! hadent the most remotest idee o' meeting

you here, —wouldent a come for forty dollars if I'd a s'posed you ever meander'd here. I never was here afore. But I was a settin' by my winder, and I cast my eyes over here; and as I obsarved the lofty trees a wavin' in the gentle blast, and heerd the feathered singsters a wobblin' their mellancolly music, I felt quite a call to come over, it's so retired and morantic, — such an approbriate place to marvel round in, ye know, when a body feels low-sperrited and unconsolable, as I dew to-night. Oh, d-e-a-r!

Elder. [*Sitting at the other end of log, and twirling his fingers.*] Most worthy Mrs. Bedott, your evident depression fills me with unmitigated sympathy. Your feelings (if I may be permitted to judge from the language of your song, which I overheard) —

Widow. You dident though, elder? the dretful suz! What *shall* I dew? I wouldent a had you heerd that song for no money! I wish I hadent a come! I wish to gracious I hadent a come!

Elder. I assure you, Mrs. Bedott, it was unintentional on my part, entirely unintentional; but my contiguity to yourself, and your proximity to me, were such as rendered it impossible for me to avoid hearing you —

Widow. Well, it can't be helped now: it's no use cryin' for spilt milk; but I wouldent hev you to think I know'd *you* ever come here.

Elder. On the contrary, this grove is a favorite resort of mine: it affords a congenial retreat, after the exterminating and tremendous mental labors of the day. I not unfrequently spend the declining hours of the evening here, buried in the most profound meditation. On your entrance, I was occupying my customary seat beneath that umbrageous mountain-ash which you perceive a few feet from you: indeed, had not your mind been much pre-occupied, you could scarcely have avoided discovering me.

Widow. O granf'ther grievous! I wish I'd a stayed to hum! I was born for misfortin' and nothin' else! I wish to massy I'd a stayed to hum to-night! But I felt as if I'd like to come here once afore I leave the place. [*She weeps.*]

Elder. [*Moving nearer to her.*] Ah, indeed! Do you project leaving Scrabble Hill?

Widow. Yes, I dew: I calklate to go next week. I *must* hear you preach once more, — *once* more, elder; and then I'm

agwine — somewher — I don't care where, nor I don't care what becomes o' me when I git there. [*She sobs violently.*]

Elder. O Mrs. Bedott, you distress me beyond limitation! Permit me to inquire the cause of this uncontrollable agony?

Widow. O Elder Sniffles, you're the last indiwidiwal that ought to ax such a question! Oh, I *shall* die! I *shall* give it up!

Elder. Madam, my interest in your welfare is intense. Allow me to entreat you still more vehemently to unburden your mind. Perhaps it is in my power to relieve you.

Widow. Relieve me! what an idee! O elder, you *will* be the death o' me, if you make me revulge my feelin's so. An hour ago, I felt as if I'd a died afore I'd a said what I hev said now; but you've draw'd it out o' me.

Elder. Respected madam, you have as yet promulged nothing satisfactory. Permit me —

Widow. O granf'ther grievous! must I come to it? Well, then, if must, I must: so to begin at the beginnin'. When I first heern you preach, your sarmons onsettled my faith: but, after a spell, I was convinced by yer argefyin', and gin up my 'roneus notions, and my mind got considerable easm. But how could I set Sabberday after Sabberday under the droppin's o' yer voice, and not begin to feel a mor'n ordinary interest in the speaker? I indevored not tew, but I couldent help it: 'twas in vain to struggle against the feelin's that prepossest my buzzom. But it's all over with me now! my felicitude is at an end! my sittiwation is hopeless! I shall go back to Wiggleton next week, and never truble you no more.

Elder. Ah, Mrs. Bedott, you alarm —

Widow. Yes: you never'll see no more trouble with Priscilly. I'm agwine back to Wiggleton. Can't bear to go back there nother, on account o' the indiwidiwals that I come away to git rid of. There's Cappen Canoot, he's always been after me ever since my husband died, though I hain't never gin him no incurridgement; but he won't take "No" for an answer: I dread the critter's attentions. And Squire Bailey, — he's wonderful rich; but that ain't no recommendation to me, and I've told him so time and agin. But I s'pose he thinks I'll come round bumby. And Deacon Crosby, — he lost his pardner a spell afore I come away, — he was very much pleased with me. He's a wonderful fine man — make a fust-rate husband. I kind o' hesitated when

he promulgated his sentiments tew me; told him I'd think on 't till I come back. S'pose he'll be at me as soon as I git there. I hate to disappoint Deacon Crosby, he's such a fine man, and my dezeased companion sot so much by him; but then I don't feel for him as I do for — He's a Presbyterian, tew; and I don't think 'twould be right to unite my destination to hissen.

Elder. Undoubtedly, in your present state of feeling, the uncongeniality would render a union —

Widow. Oh, dear, dear, dear! I can't bear to go back there, and indure their attentions. But, thank fortune, they won't bother me long: I shall go into a decline, — I know I shall, as well as I want to know it. My troubles 'll soon be over. Ondoubtedly they'll put up a monnyment to my memory. I've got the description all ready for 't: it says, —

Here sleeps Prissilly P. Bedott,
Late relic of Hezekier.
How mellancolly was her lot!
How soon she did expire!

She didn't commit self-suicide:
'Twas tribbilation killed her.
Oh, what a pity she hadn't a died
Afore she saw the elder!

And, O elder, you'll visit my grave, won't ye, and shed tew or three tears over it? 'Twould be a consolation tew me to think you would.

Elder. In case I should ever have occasion to journey through that section of country, and could, consistently with my arrangements, make it convenient to tarry for a short time at Wiggletown, I assure you it would afford me much pleasure to visit your grave, agreeably to your request.

Widow. O elder, how onfeelin'!

Elder. Unfeeling! Did I not understand you correctly when I understood you to request me to visit your grave?

Widow. Yes; but I don't see how you can be so carm, when I'm a talkin' about dyin'.

Elder. I assure you, Mrs. Bedott, I had not the slightest intention of manifesting a want of feeling in my remark. I should regard your demise as a most deplorable event; and it would afford me no small degree of satisfaction to prevent so melancholy a catastrophe, were it in my power.

Widow. [*Rising.*] Well, I guess I'll go hum. If Sally

should know you was here a talkin' with me, she'd make an awful fuss.

Elder. [*Rising.*] Indeed, I see no reason to fear that my domestic should interfere in any of my proceedings.

Widow. O lawful sakes! how numb you be, elder! I dident illude to Sal Blake. I meant Sal Hugle, she 't you're ingaged tew.

Elder. Engaged to Miss Hugle! You alarm me, Mrs. Be—

Widow. Now don't undertake to deny it, elder: everybody says it's a fact.

Elder. Well, then, it only remains for me to assert, that everybody is laboring under an entire and unmitigated mistake.

Widow. [*Sits.*] You don't say so, elder! Well, I declare, I dew feel relieved! I couldent indure the idee o' stayin' here to see that match go off. She's so onworthy,—so different from what your companion had ought to be,—and so lazy, and makes such awful poitry; and then she hain't worth a cent in the world. But I don't want to say a word aginst her; for if you ain't ingaged now, mabby you will be. O elder! promise me, dew promise me how 't you won't marry that critter. 'Twould be a consolation tew me when I'm fur away on my dyin' bed, to know—[*She weeps with renewed energy.*] O elder, I'm afeard I'm agwine to hev the hysterics. I'm subjick to spasmatic affections when I'm excited and overcome.

Elder. You alarm me, Mrs. Bedott! I will hasten to the house, and bring the sal volatile, which may restore you.

Widow. For the land's sake, elder, don't go after Sal: she can't dew nothing for me. It'll only make talk, for she'll tell it all round the village. Jest take that are newspaper that sticks out o' yer pocket, and fan me with it a leetle. There—I feel quite resusticated. I'm obleeged tew ye. Guess I can manage to git hum now. [*She rises.*] Farewell, Elder Sniffles! Adoo! we part to meet no more!

Elder. Ah, Mrs. Bedott! do not speak in that mournful strain: you distress me beyond all mitigation! [*He takes her hand.*] Pray reseat yourself [*both sit*], and allow me to prolong the conversation for a short period. As I before observed, your language distresses me beyond all duration.

Widow. Dew yew actilly feel distressed at the idee o' partin' with me?

Elder. Most indubitably, Mrs. Bedott.

Widow. Well, then, what's the use o' partin' at all? Oh, what *hev* I said? what *hev* I said? [*About to rise.*]

Elder. [*Puts his arm about her waist.*] Ahem, — ahaw! Allow me to inquire, — Are you in easy circumstances, Mrs. Bedott?

Widow. Well, not intirely, yet; though I feel considerable easier 'n what I did an hour ago.

Elder. Ahem! I imagine that you do not fully apprehend my meaning. I am a clergyman — a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. As such, you will readily understand, I cannot be supposed to abound in the filthy lucre of this world: my remuneration is small. Hence —

Widow. O elder! how can you s'pose I'd hesitate on account o' your bein' poor? Don't think on 't: it only increases my opinion of you. Money ain't no objick to me.

Elder. I naturally infer from your indifference respecting the amount of *my* worldly possessions, that you yourself have —

Widow. Don't be oneasy, elder, dear, — dont illude to it again. Depend on 't, you're jest as dear to me, every bit and grain, as you would be if you owned all the mines of Ingy.

Elder. I will say no more about it.

Widow. So I s'pose we're engaged?

Elder. Undoubtedly.

Widow. We're ingaged, and my tribbilation is at an end. [*Her head droops on his shoulder.*] O Shadrack! what will Hugelina say when she hears on 't? [*Both rise.*]

Elder. [*Sighs.*] I am a happy man.

Widow. And we shall be merried. In anticipation of that happy event, I have composed a few stanzas for the Scrabble Hill Luminary. You shall hear them, elder: —

TO SHADRACK.

Prissilla the fair, and Shadrack the wise,
Have united their fortunes in the tenderest of ties;
And being mutually joined in the matrimonial connection,
Have bid adoo to their previous affliction.

No more will they mourn their widdered sittiwation,
And continner to sythe without mitigation;
But pardners for life, to be parted no more,
Their sorrers is ended, their troubles is o'er.

O Shadrack, my Shadrack! Prissilla did speak,
While the rosy red blushes surmantled her cheek,
And the tears of affection bedoozled her eye.
O Shadrack, my Shadrack! I'm yourn till I die.

The heart that was scornful, and cold as a stun,
Has surrendered at last to the fortinit one.
Farewell to the miseries and griefs I have had!
I'll never desert thee, O Shadrack, my Shad!

[*Throws herself upon the elder's breast. He puts his arm about her waist, and they exeunt,* L.]

GOIN' SOMEWHERE.

He had been to town-meeting, had once voyaged a hundred miles on a steamboat, and had a brother who had made the overland trip to California.

She had been to quiltings, funerals, and a circus or two; and she knew a woman who thought nothing of setting out on a railroad journey where she had to wait fifteen minutes at a junction, and change cars at a depot.

So I found them, — a cosey-looking old couple, sitting up very straight in their seat, and trying to act like old railroad travellers. A shadow of anxiety suddenly crossed her face: she became uneasy, and directly she asked, —

"Philetus, I act'lly b'leeve we've went and taken the wrong train!"

"It can't be, nohow," he replied, seeming a little startled. "Didn't I ask the conductor, and he said we was right?"

"Yaas, he did; but look out the window, and make sure. He might have been lyin' to us."

The old man looked out the window at the flitting fences, the galloping telegraph-poles, and the unfamiliar fields, as if expecting to catch sight of some landmark, and forgetting for a moment that he was a thousand miles from home.

"I guess we're all right, Mary," he said, as he drew in his head.

"Ask somebody — ask that man there," she whispered.

"This is the train for Chicago, hain't it?" inquired the old man, of the passenger in the next seat behind.

"This is the train," replied the man.

"There! didn't I say so?" clucked the old gent.

"It may be — it may be!" she replied, dubiously; "but if we are carried wrong, it won't be my fault. I say that we are wrong, and when we've been led into some pirate's cave, and butchered for our money, ye'll wish ye had heeded my words!"

He looked out of the window again, opened his mouth as if to make some inquiry of a boy sitting on the fence, and then leaned back on his seat, and sighed heavily. She shut her teeth together, as if saying that she could stand it if he could, and the train sped along for several miles. He finally said, —

"Looks like rain, over thar in the west. I hope the boys have got them oats in."

"That makes me think of the umbereller!" diving her hands among the parcels at their feet.

She hunted around two or three minutes, growing red in the face, and then straightened up and hoarsely whispered, —

"It's gone!"

"W — what?" he gasped.

"That umbereller!"

"No!"

"Gone, hide and hair!" so she went on, "that sky-blue umbereller, which I've had ever since Martha died!"

He searched around, but it was not to be found.

"Waal, that's queer," he mused, as he straightened up.

"Queer! not a bit. I've talked to ye and talked to ye, but it does no good. Ye come from a heedless fam'ly; and ye'd forget to put on yer boots, 'f I didn't tell ye to."

"None of the Harrisons was ever in the poorhouse!" he replied, in a cutting tone.

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison!" she continued, laying her hand on his arm, "don't you dare twit me of that again! I've lived with ye nigh on to forty years, and waited on ye when ye had biles and the toothache and the colic, and when ye fell and broke yer leg; but don't push me up to the wall!"

He looked out of the window, feeling that she had the advantage of him, and she wiped her eyes, settled her glasses on her nose, and used up the next fifteen minutes in thinking of the past. Feeling thirsty, she reached down among the bundles, searched around, and her face was as pale as death as she straightened back and whispered, —

"And that's gone, too!"

"What now?" he asked.

"It's been stole!" she exclaimed, looking around the car, as if expecting to see some one with the bottle to his lips.

"Fust the umbereller — then the bottle!" she gasped.

"I couldn't have left it, could I?"

"Don't ask me! That bottle has been in our family twenty years, ever since mother died; and now it's gone! Land only knows what I'll do for a camfire bottle when we git home, if we ever do!"

"I'll buy one."

"Yes, I know ye are always ready to buy; and if it wasn't for me to restrain ye, the money 'd fly like feathers in the wind."

"Waal, I didn't have to mortgage my farm," he replied, giving her a knowing look.

"Twitting agin? It isn't enough that you've lost a good umbereller and a camfire bottle; but you must twit me o' this and that."

Her nose grew red, and tears came to her eyes; but, as he was looking out of the window, she said nothing further. Ten or fifteen minutes passed; and, growing restless, he called out to a man across the aisle, —

"What's the sile around here?"

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison! stop your noise!" she whispered, poking him with her elbow.

"I just asked a question," he replied, resuming his old position.

"What 'd your brother Joab tell ye, the last thing afore we left hum?" she asked. "Didn't he say somebody 'd swindle ye on the string game, the confidence game, or some other game? Didn't he warn ye agin rascals?"

"I hain't seen no rascals."

"Of course ye havn't, 'cause yer blind? I know that that man is a villun; and if they don't arrest him for murder afore we leave this train, I'll miss my guess. I can read human natur' like a book.

There was another period of silence, broken by her saying, —

"I wish I knew that this was the train for Chicago."

"'Course it is."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause it is."

"Waal, I know it hain't; but if you are contented to rush

along to destruction, I sha'n't say a word. Only when yer throat is being cut, don't call out that I didn't warn ye!"

The peanut boy came along, and the old man reached down for his wallet.

"Philetus, ye sha'n't squander that money after peanuts!" she exclaimed, using the one hand to catch his arm, and the other to wave the boy on.

"Didn't I earn it?"

"Yaas, you sold two cows to get money to go on this visit; but it's half gone now, and the land only knows how we'll get home!"

The boy passed on, and the flag of truce was hung out for another brief time. She recommenced hostilities by remarking, —

"I wish I hadn't cum."

He looked up, and then out of the window.

"I know what ye want to say," she hissed; "but it's a blessed good thing for you that I did come! If ye'd come alone, ye'd have been murdered and gashed and scalped, and sunk into the river afore now!"

"Pooh!"

"Yes, pooh, 'f ye want to, but I know!"

He leaned back; she settled herself anew; and by and by—

He nodded —

She nodded —

And, in sleep, their gray heads touched; and his arm found its way along the back of the seat, and his hand rested on her shoulder.

It was only their way.

M. QUAD, *in Hearth and Home.*

Always Get the Best. 50 of the Choicest Selections in the

No. 1 Reading Club and Handy Speaker

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Red Jacket	*George M. Baker.*
Old Age	
Mahmoud	*Leigh Hunt.*
The Closet Scene from "Hamlet"	
How he saved St. Michael's	*Aldine.*
Samson	
The Story of the Bad Little Boy who didn't come to Grief.	*Mark Twain.*
Mr. Caudle and his Second Wife	*Douglas Jerrold's Fireside Saints*
Tauler	*Whittier.*
The Doorstep	*E. C. Stedman.*
Old Farmer Gray gets photographed	*John H. Yates.*
Mr. O'Gallagher's Three Roads to Learning	*Capt. Marryat.*
The Jester's Sermon	*Walter Thornbury.*
"The Boofer Lady"	*Dickens's "Mutual Friend."*
Defiance of Harold the Dauntless	*Scott.*
Battle Hymn	*Körner.*
The Story of the Faithful Soul	*Adelaide Procter.*
"Curfew must not ring To-Night"	*Rosa Hartwick Thorpe.*
The Showman's Courtship	*Artemus Ward.*
How Terry saved his Bacon	
The Senator's Pledge	*Charles Sumner.*
Overthrow of Belshazzar	*Barry Cornwall.*
The Hour of Prayer	*Mrs. Hemans.*
The Squire's Story	*John Phœnix.*
The Happiest Couple	*Sheridan.*
Godiva	*Tennyson.*
Farmer Bent's Sheep-Washing	
The Deutsch Maud Muller	*Carl Pretzel.*
Charles Sumner	*Carl Schurz.*
The Bricklayers	*G. H. Barnes.*
A Stranger in the Pew	*Harper's Mag.*
The Mistletoe-Bough	*Bayley.*
The Puzzled Census-Taker	*J. G. Saxe*
The Voices at the Throne	*I. Westwood.*
Hans Breitmann's Party	*Charles G. Leland.*
Rob Roy MacGregor	*Walter Scott*
Der Drummer	*Charles F. Adams.*
The Yankee and the Dutchman's Dog	
Popping the Question	
The Pumpkin's Courtship	
The Happy Life	*Sir Henry Wotton.*
At the Soldiers' Graves	*Robert Collyer.*
Nobody there	*Anonymous.*
The Factory-Girl's Diary	*Morton.*
In the Tunnel	
"Jones"	
The Whistler	
"Good and Better"	
Jakie on Watermelon Pickle	
The Old Methodist's Testimony	

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

You will find one of your Favorites among 50 of the Choicest Selections in the

No. 2 Reading Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Rescue	*John Brownjohn.*
The Pickwickians on Ice	*Dickens.*
A Picture	*Mrs. H. A. Bingham.*
Tobe's Monument	*Elizabeth Kilham.*
The Two Anchors	*R. H. Stoddard.*
The Old Ways and the New	*John H. Yates.*
By the Alma River	*Miss Muloch.*
Trial Scene from "Merchant of Venice"	*Shakspeare.*
The Sisters	*John G. Whittier.*
Farm-Yard Song	
The Fortune-Hunter	*John G. Saxe.*
Curing a Cold	*Mark Twain.*
In the Bottom Drawer	
Two Irish Idyls	*Alfred Perceval Graves*
Over the River	*Priest.*
The Modest Cousin	*Sheridan Knowles.*
Biddy's Troubles	
The Man with a Cold in his Head	
Harry and I	
The Shadow on the Wall	
The Little Puzzler	*Sara M. B. Piatt.*
A Traveller's Evening Song	*Mrs. Hemans.*
Calling a Boy in the Morning	
Cooking and Courting	*Tom to Ned.*
A Tragical Tale of the Tropics	
The Paddock Elms	*B. E. Woolf*
The Bobolink	*Aldine.*
Toothache	
The Opening of the Piano	*Atlantic Monthly.*
Press On	*Park Benjamin.*
The Beauty of Youth	*Theodore Parker.*
Queen Mab	*Romeo and Juliet.*
A Militia General	*Thomas Corwin.*
Address of Spottyeus	
Our Visitor, and what he came for	
"What's the Matter with that Nose?"	*Our Fat Contributor.*
Workers and Thinkers	*Ruskin.*
The Last Ride	*Nora Perry.*
Baby Atlas	
Possession	*Owen Meredith.*
There is no Death	*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*
The Learned Negro	*Congregationalist.*
Nearer, my God, to Thee	*Sarah F. Adams.*
A Short Sermon	*Not by a Hard-Shell Baptist*
Goin' Home To-day	*W. M. Carleton.*
The Broken Pitcher	*Anonymous.*
A Baby's Soliloquy	
The Double Sacrifice	*Arthur William Austin.*
Sunday Morning	*George A. Baker, jun.*
The Quaker Meeting	*Samuel Lover.*

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, or sent by mail on receipt of price

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston

You will find the Piece you are looking for among 60 of the Choicest Selections in the

No. 3 Reading Club and Handy Speaker

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

Fra Giacomo	*Robert Buchanan.*
Bob Cratchit's Christmas-Dinner	*Dickens.*
The First Snow-Fall	*James Russell Lowell.*
The Countess and the Serf	*J. Sheridan Knowles.*
Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man	*Mark Twain.*
Losses	*Francis Browne.*
Mad Luce	*All the Year Round.*
The Solemn Book-Agent	*Detroit Free Press.*
What the Old Man said	*Alice Robbins.*
Bone and Sinew and Brain	*John Boyle O'Reilly.*
Pat and the Oysters	
Twilight	*Spanish Gypsy.*
The Singer	*Alice Williams.*
Speech of the Hon Perverse Peabody on the Acquisition of Cuba	
Bunker Hill	*George H. Calvert.*
Two Births	*Charles J. Sprague.*
The Old Fogy Man	
Auction Mad	
The Wedding-Fee	*R. M. Streeter.*
Schneider's Tomatoes	*Charles F. Adams.*
The Wolves	*J. T. Trowbridge.*
The Ballad of the Oysterman	*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*
The Deck-Hand and the Mule	
A Lay of Real Life	*Tom Hood.*
Riding Down	*Nora Perry.*
The Minute-men of '75	*George William Curtis.*
Uncle Reuben's Baptism	*Vicksburg Herald.*
How Persimmons took Cah ob der Baby	*St. Nicholas.*
The Evils of Ignorance	*Horace Mann.*
Scenes from the School of Reform	*Thomas Morton.*
Ambition	*Henry Clay.*
The Victories of Peace	*Charles Sumner.*
For Love	
The Flower-Mission, junior	*Earl Marble.*
The Sons of New England	*Hon. George B. Loring.*
The Jonesville Singin' Quire	*My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet*
The Last Tilt	*Henry R. Hirst.*
The Burial of the Dane	*Henry Howard Brownell.*
Appeal in Behalf of American Liberty	*Story*
The Church of the Best Licks	*Edward Eggleston.*
The Roman Soldier. Destruction of Herculaneum	*Atherstone.*
Temperance	*Wendell Phillips.*
Roast Pig. A Bit of Lamb	*Charles Lamb.*
Similia Similibus	
Two Loves and a Life	*William Sawyer.*
The Recantation of Galileo	*Francis E. Raleigh.*
Mosquitoes	*K. K.*
The Law of Kindness; or, The Old Woman's Railway Signal	*Elihu Burritt.*
Ode	*George Sennott.*
Mr. Stiver's Horse	*The Danbury News Man.*

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston

The Freshest, Brightest, and Best, are the 50 Choicest Selections in the

No. 5 Reading Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Ballad of Ronald Clare	*Thomas S. Collier.*
The Scotchman at the Play	*"Mansie Wauch."*
The Dead Doll	*Margaret Vandegrift.*
A Charge with Prince Rupert	*T. W. Higginson.*
An Irish Wake	
The Honest Deacon	
Tact and Talent	*London Atlas.*
The Two Glasses	
Whistling in Heaven	*Harper's Magazine.*
Noble Revenge	
Dot Baby off Mine. (By permission)	*Charles Follen Adams.*
The Amateur Spelling-Match	*Earl Marble.*
Why Biddy and Pat got Married	*R. H. Stoddard.*
Art-Matters in Indiana	
Miss Edith helps Things along	*Bret Harte.*
The Flood and the Ark	
Not Dead, but Risen	
Ballad of a Baker	
Five	
Uncle Remus' Revival Hymn	
A Mysterious Disappearance	*Charles Dickens.*
An Indignation-Meeting	
Something Spilt	
From the Sublime to the Ridiculous "'tis but a Step"	
Scene from "The Marble Heart"	*Charles Selby.*
The Seven Ages	*Shakspeare.*
A Watch that "wanted cleaning." (By permission)	*J. T. Fields.*
Tired Mothers	
Good-by	*Frank Foxcroft.*
"One of the Boys"	
The Bridge	*H. W. Longfellow.*
A Rhine Legend	*Curtis Guild.*
The Little Shoes did it	
Burdock's Goat	
Faithful Little Peter	
Blue and Gray	
Mollie, or Sadie?	
Butterwick's Weakness	
Between the Lines	
Somebody's Mother	
The Ballad of Constance	*William Winter.*
Failed	
The Canteen	*C. G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly).*
A Blessing on the Dance	*Irwin Russell.*
An Exciting Contest	
The Last Redoubt	*Alfred Austin.*
"If We Knew"	
Scene from "London Assurance"	*Boucicault.*
The Kaiser's Feast	
Sideways	

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

The Best Yet. 50 Rare Selections.

No. 6 Reading Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

Count Eberhard's Last Foray	*Thos. S. Collier.*
Tammy's Prize	
Deaf and Dumb	*Anna F. Burnham.*
The Changed Cross	
Virginius to the Roman Army	*Elijah Kellogg.*
The Fountain of Youth	*Hezekiah Butterworth.*
They Met	
Clerical Wit	
Greeley's Ride	*Mark Twain.*
Der Shoemaker's Poy	
The Sergeant of the Fiftieth	
The Fan Drill	*Spectator.*
Warning to Woman	
The Cavalry Charge	*F. A. Durivage.*
Widow Stebbins on Homœopathy	*Charles F. Adams.*
The Fight at Lookout	*R. L. Cary, Jun.*
The Well-Digger	*John G. Saxe.*
Behind Time	*Freeman Hunt.*
A Miracle	*Charles H. Webber.*
Weaving the Web	
The Great Future	*George F. Hoar.*
A Christmas Carol	
"Them Yankee Blankits"	*Samuel W. Small.*
Jim Lane's Last Message	*Sherman D. Richardson.*
One Touch of Nature	
A Disturbance in Church	*Max Adeler.*
The Palmer's Vision	*J. G. Holland.*
A "Sweeter Revenge"	
The Farmer's Story	*David Hill.*
Paddy O'Rafther	*Samuel Lover.*
The Fireman's Prayer	*Russell H. Conwell.*
Down with the Heathen Chinee!	*New-York Sun.*
John Chinaman's Protest	*M. F. D.*
The Sweet Singer of Michigan	
Ten Years After	*Kate Putnam Osgood.*
Putty and Varnish	*Josh Billings.*
Nationality	*Rufus Choate.*
Tacking Ship off Shore	*Walter Mitchel.*
Immortality	*Phillips Brooks.*
Mr. Coville Proves Mathematics	*J. M. Bailey.*
Blind Ned	*Irwin Russell.*
The Benediction	*François Coppee.*
"Conquered at Last"	*Maria L. Eve.*
The Ship-Boy's Letter	
An Irish Love-Letter	*George M. Baker.*
Reserved Power	
Talk about Shooting	
The King's Kiss	*Nora Perry.*
Joe's Bespeak	
A Disturbed Parent	

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

You will find nothing but rare Gems in the 50 Choice Selections in the

No. 7 Reading-Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

A Royal Princess	*Christina G. Rossetti.*
A Reminiscence	*H. B. Hooker, D.D.*
The Last Hymn	*Marianne Farningham.*
The Fool's Prayer	*Atlantic.*
The Dead Student	*Will Carleton.*
Greatest Walk on Record	
Drawing Water	
This Side and That	*George Macdonald.*
Civil War	*Anonymous.*
A Modern Sermon	
That Calf	*Phœbe Cary.*
The New Dixie	*G. L. C.*
The National Game	
Uncle Mellick Dines with his Master	*J. R. Eggleston.*
Mifud's Misery	
San Benito	*Helen M. Gilbert.*
How Randa went over the River	*C. C. Coffin.*
The Ladies	*Mark Twain.*
Two Fishers	*Harper's Weekly.*
Left Alone at Eighty	
"Dashing Rod." Trooper	*S. Conant Foster.*
Orient Yourself	*Horace Mann.*
Rhymes at Random	
The Carpenter's Wooing, and the Sequel	*Yaccob Strauss.*
A Humorous Dare-Devil	*Bulwer.*
Hohenlinden	*Campbell.*
St. Leon's Toast	
The Patriot Spy	*F. M. Finch.*
How Neighbor Wilkins got Religion	*James Berry Bensel*
Jim Wolfe and the Cats	*Mark Twain.*
Pledge to the Dead	*William Winter.*
A London Bee Story	*Quiz.*
A College Widow	*Acta Columbiana.*
"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"	*J. C. Huntington.*
Hannibal at the Altar	*Elijah Kellogg.*
Creeds of the Bells	*J. W. Bungay.*
The Pomological Society	
Ave Maria	*Cornhill Magazine*
The Singer's Alms	
Family Portraits	*School for Scandal.*
The Irish Boy and the Priest	
The Retort	
A Free Seat	
Paddle Your Own Canoe	
All 's Well that Ends Well	
Jimmy Butler and the Owl	*Anonymous.*
A Modern Heroine	*Elizabeth Cumings.*
Down Hill with the Brakes Off	*G. H. Jessop.*
On the Channel Boat	*G. L. C.*
The Pin	

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

You will find both Wit and Sentiment in the 50 Choice Selections in the

No. 8 Reading-Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Defence of Lucknow	*Tennyson.*
Paul Clifford's Defence	*Bulwer.*
The Outlaw's Yarn	*Michael Lynch.*
Labor is Worship	*Francis S. Osgood.*
The Legend of the White Hand	*Lucy Wade Herrick.*
Two Dreams	*H. H.*
People will Laugh	
"Christianos ad Leones!"	*Francis A. Durivage*
Ballad of the Bell-Tower	*Margaret J. Preston.*
A Sermon for the Sisters	*Irwin Russell.*
Mrs. Brown at the Play	*Arthur Sketchley.*
Dutch Security	
From One Stand-point	*M. F. Butts.*
The Captive	*Henry Phillips, Jr.*
The Peril of the Mines	
Aunt Phillis's Guest	*Wm. C. Gannett.*
Annie's Ticket	
Along the Line	*Irwin Russell.*
The Divorce Feast	
The Indian Warrior's Defence	
The Farmer and the Barrister	*Horace Smith.*
Yankee Courtship	
London Zoological Gardens	
Apples — A Comedy	*Blackwood's Magazine.*
Old Grimes	*A. G. Green.*
Daisy's Faith	*Joanna H. Mathews.*
Father William	*R. Southey.*
Parody on "Father William"	*Adventures in Wonderland.*
The Grave of the Greyhound	*Spencer.*
A New Version of the Parable of the Virgins	
Song of the Mystic	*Father Ryan.*
The Fast Mail	*John H. Yates.*
De 'Sperience ob de Reb'rend Quacko Strong	
The Patter of the Shingle	
The Girl of the Crisis	*Walter Smith.*
The Rich Man and the Poor Man	*Khemnitzer.*
A Colored Debating Society	
Shiftless Neighbor Ball	*Mrs. Annie Preston.*
Lanty Leary	*Samuel Lover.*
The Baron's Last Banquet	*A. G. Green.*
The Last of the Sarpints	
The Dilemma	*O. W. Holmes.*
A Brick	
An Evangel	
A Thirsty Boy	*Burlington Hawkeye.*
Masked Batteries	*"Vanity Verses."*
The Story of the Tiles	*Golden Age.*
The City Man and Setting Hen	
Miss Edith's Modest Request	*Bret Harte.*
The Man with a Bear	

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

"The whole art of elocution is succinctly set forth in this small volume, which might be judiciously included among the text-books of schools." — *New-Orleans Picayune.*

ELOCUTION SIMPLIFIED,

WITH AN APPENDIX ON

LISPING, STAMMERING, AND OTHER IMPEDIMENTS OF SPEECH,

BY WALTER K. FOBES,

Graduate of the "Boston School of Oratory."

Cloth. 16mo. 50 cents. Paper, 30 cents.

"It is a book that is *admirably fitted to be used as a text-book in our public schools*, and, if introduced, would certainly lead to a marked improvement in that much-neglected art, — the art of reading and speaking well. The volume contains an Introduction by George M. Baker, author of the Reading-Club Series, which might be read with advantage by clergymen, students, teachers, singers, speakers, lawyers, and all persons who have a taste for reading, and who consider reading aloud in the social or home circle as one of the most instructive, pleasing, and healthful pastimes in which we can indulge. Defective speech, as lisping, stammering, stuttering, &c., can be entirely cured by a steady and diligent practice of elocution. Unpleasant voices — either shrill, nasal, throaty, husky, or with any other disagreeable quality — can be made agreeable by practice of elocution; and, as an aid in this matter, 'Elocution Simplified' is, without doubt, one of the best books ever offered to the public to accomplish the desired result. The book, which is made up in ninety-four pages, is divided into four parts, — Physical Gymnastics, Vocal Gymnastics, Elocution, and Hints on Elocution; and each part contains a set of rules that are most explicit in their relations to the subject treated of. The book is designed as a companion to Baker's Reading Club, but can be studied in any connection with much profit." — *Manchester Mirror.*

"This volume is, as it claims, an epitome of elocution. In the estimation of all, good reading is an accomplishment, and should be made *a daily drill in every school and college*. This book is compact, free of every thing that is not essential; and we heartily commend it." — *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"Full of just what is useful to make good readers and speakers." — *Albany Times.*

☞ "Any one who will carefully study and practise the teachings of this book will be able to greatly improve their reading and speaking." — *Independent.*

Sold by all booksellers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

Jun 26 1914